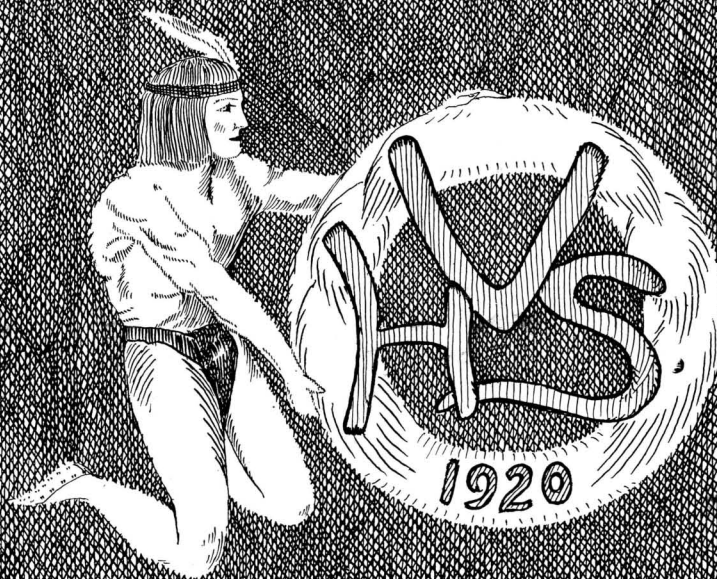


The Alatis

1920

OLATIS



QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

W. H. YEE

THE ULATIS

Published Annually by the
Senior Class of the Vacaville
Union High School



VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA
JUNE, 1920



*To Mr. McGrew, we respectfully dedicate this issue of the
Ulati, in gratitude for his interest taken
in all school affairs during
the past year.*

Staff Management

Faculty Adviser.....	Mr. George P. McGrew
Editor-in-Chief.....	Muriel Robinson
Assistant Editor.....	Carroll Hodge
Business Manager.....	Daisy March
Assistant Business Manager.....	Paul Chandler

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School Notes.....	Dora Trippe
Art Editor.....	Eleanor Blake
Society Notes.....	Mary Phillips
Class Notes—	
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Sophomore.....	{ Billy Cole Ramona Lyon
Junior	Bernice Gates
Senior	Bertha Baynes
Exchanges.....	Harry Kunkle
Miscellaneous.....	Nina Bartlett
Athletics—	
Boys.....	Merl Waggoner
Girls.....	Helen Penaluna
Dramatics.....	Lorena Watts
Jokes.....	{ Marvin Mann Gustav Pena

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Faculty

Mr. E. W. Stoddard (Principal).....Latin, French
Mr. G. P. McGrew (Vice Principal).....Mathematics, Science
Miss Ruth Mary Geissler.....English, Algebra I
Miss Ruth E. Goodsell.....History, Spanish
Miss Jessie Adele Luke.....Drawing, Domestic Science
Miss Grace F. Kirkpatrick.....Commercial Department, French I



PAUL CHANDLER

President

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

—Emerson.

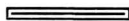


CARROLL HODGE

Vice-President

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

—Anonymous.



NINA BARTLETT

Secretary and Treasurer

"A face with gladness o'erspreads
"A face with gladness over-
spread!
Soft smiles by humane kind-
ness bred."

—Wordsworth.



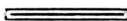
MURIEL ROBINSON

"As frank as rain
On cherry blossoms."
—E. B. Browning.



BERTHA BAYNES

"What sweet delight a quiet life
affords."
—Drummond.



DAISY MARCH

"She is as constant as the stars
That never vary, and more
chaste than they."
—Proctor.



MARIE SCAMMON

"Good nature and good sense
must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive di-
vine." —Pope.

ELAINE HAY

"Whence is thy learning?
Hath thy toil o'er books
Consumed the midnight oil."
—Gay.

MIKE RAGO

"As prone to mischief, as able
to perform it."
—Shakespeare.

CLASS MOTTO
Quality not Quantity

CLASS COLORS
Green and White

CLASS FLOWER
White Carnation

CLASS YELL
Ruminickle Buminickle
Zip! Boom! Bah!
1920 RAH! RAH! RAH!

Quality Not Quantity

We're small, it is true,
But we're lively, too,
So don't think you won't miss us, old High School.

We've labored and fought
For the deeds we have wrought,
So please prize them highly, dear High School.

Now we're leaving you
Our life's work to do
Oh pray don't forget us, old High School.

Our great quality
Exceeds all quantity
And we'll find our place in the sun, High School.

But wherever we are,
Be it near or quite far,
We'll always remember and love you, dear High School!

We'll always be true
In allegiance to you,
For we'll always stand by our own High School.

—Marie Scammon, '20

Class History

THE history of the Class of 1920 began in the autumn of 1916, when eighteen Freshmen enrolled in the V. H. S. Those frightened Freshmen who entered that morning were: Paul Chandler, Daisy March, Bertha Baynes, Leila Belle Terriel, Carroll Hodge, Rose Roloff, James Altieri, Lydia Lawrence, Leonard Mix, Josephine Perry, Wilfred Fry, Bernice Miller, Leonard Blake, Janette Stipp, Elaine Hay, Louis Guiltan, Muriel Robinson, and Mike Rago.

We soon found by our keen observation that it was necessary to organize in order to keep pace with the upper classmen. Therefore we met and elected the following officers: Paul Chandler, president; Carroll Hodge, vice-president; Leonard Blake, treasurer, and Daisy March, secretary. The class colors selected were white and green, and the flower, white carnation. We all received the usual initiation by the upper classmen, to which we submitted with good spirit. A reception was given later in our honor by the Sophomores and a good time was enjoyed by all.

As Sophomores we were more experienced, and having attained a greater knowledge of high school life, we quickly organized and chose as officers the following: Paul Chandler, president; Elaine Hay, vice-president, and Bertha Baynes, secretary and treasurer.

Our first and only party of the year was the annual reception given to the Freshman Class. In athletics we were represented by Paul Chandler on the basket-ball team, which won the championship of the S. C. A. L.

When we entered upon our duties as Juniors we discovered that several members of our class had not returned, eight of them having left school after completing the two years' commercial course. This left our class rather small and so we were pleased to receive a new member, Nina Bartlett, who came from the Fremont High School. Our officers elected were as follows: Muriel Robinson, president; Elaine Hay, vice-president; Daisy March, secretary and treasurer. The only party of the year was our Junior Prom given in honor of the graduation class.

As Seniors our class was increased by the accession of Marie Scammon. From the beginning of the year we realized that this was our last year and with this realization came the resolution to make it one which we would be glad and proud to remember. Although we were only nine, no class entered more enthusiastically into the school spirit than did the Seniors. Paul Chandler and Carroll Hodge represented us on the basket-ball team, which won the championship of S. C. A. L. Paul Chandler also represented us in the track meets. Our officers for the year were as follows: President, Paul Chandler; vice-president, Carroll Hodge; secretary and treasurer, Nina Bartlett. Our class was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Robinson, who gave a dinner party in our honor on the evening of May the sixth. On May twenty-seventh the class had the pleasure of attending another dinner party given by Mrs. Chandler.

We are sincerely grateful for all Mr. Stoddard and all the other



teachers have done for us throughout the four years. The class of 1920 now leaves the old V. H. S. and surrenders its place to a new senior class.

We rejoice in the hope of conquering a new world but regret to surrender the old, yet after all, this part of our work is done, and the future lies before us.

Mike Rago, '20.

Class Will

WE, the class of 1920, of the Vacaville Union High School, County of Solano, State of California, realizing that we are about to pass from this sphere of education in full possession of a crammed mind and a well trained memory, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, as follows:

First, we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, and that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our merits, our attainments, and our position as Seniors must certainly deserve.

Second, we give and bequeath to our dear faculty all the amazing knowledge that we have furnished them the last few years in our examination papers and our current event speeches, if they may be so called. We know that much of it has been new to them but, however, the faculty is duly authorized to impart such knowledge as they may feel the world is ready to receive.

Third, to Mr. Burk, our janitor, we leave all our scraps of paper that we have overlooked in our haste in gathering up our cherished treasures.

Fourth, we give and bequeath to the Juniors our place as Seniors, because we cannot do otherwise.

Fifth, to the jazzy Sophomores, we give our dignity.

Sixth, we give and bequeath to the Freshmen, our "wit."

Seventh, to Clyde Weldon and John Bassford, the right to fascinate out-of-town girls.

The following may seem trifling bequests but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable gifts to those who receive them and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal

I, Bertha Baynes, feeling jazzy until the last, do give and bequeath to Ramona Lyon and Dora Trippe my latest book on "How to Vamp." May they share it equally.

I, Carroll Hodge, realizing that I am about to pass from this world of drought, give to Elmer Grant, my cigarette stumps.

I, Muriel Robinson, knowing that I am not of my right mind, willingly give and bequeath to Amy Parrott and Grace Stottlemire, my becoming hair dress.

I, Paul Chandler, being of unsound mind, do bequeath to "Jack Frost," my thorough knowledge of up-to-date slang.



I, Marie Scammon, not fully realizing what I am doing, do give and bequeath to Pearl Finch, my gift of "gab."

I, Mike Rago, do give and bequeath to Bernice Gates my knowledge in "horseology."

I, Nina Bartlett, give and bequeath to Zelma Sousa, my shyness.

I, Daisy March, give and bequeath my great oratorical powers to any one who can get by with them.

Besides these enforced gifts we leave, not of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessings and the kindest memory of our pleasant associations together and a pledge of friendship from henceforth and for ever.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Mr. Eugene Warren Stoddard sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness thereof we, the Class of 1920, have to this our will, set our hands and seal this 3rd day of June, one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

Daisy March, '20.

Prophecy

IT was on the Highway I met her, the woman who gave me a wonderful and mysterious power for just one weird hour. I had been enjoying the thrill of driving the car for the first time alone. Suddenly at the turn in the road there she stood, purposely in my way.

You will recognize the Roumanian figure, the gaudy skirts, the many colored blouse, and the head dress of yellow, all quite harmonizing with the great field of beautiful spring flowers just beyond her dingy caravan.

The brakes groaned as the car slowed down close to the feet of the gypsy with her dirty claw-like hands outstretched, and her whining voice begging to tell my fortune, nor did she attempt to move from my path.

"If missy will step out," she insisted.

I hesitated just long enough to remember that an uncle of mine often said, "You can trust anyone whom children and dogs love," and to notice that four big eyed youngsters clung affectionately to the gypsy's skirts and two dogs hovered close with evident love.

There was nothing to fear and the lure was great. Out I got and soon all of us were seated on the soft grass under a huge spreading oak.

The novelty of the experience sufficed to cover the loss of my only coin but how greatly I was repaid when she looked keenly at me and said, "Missy has power, I can make her see the future."

From her pocket she took a small vial and dropped a tiny white pellet into my palm.

"Think of someone and eat," she said. Fear again clutched my heart but as I looked at the children grouped about her I dismissed it.

Instantly I thought of my classmates of 1920, of whom I had heard little since our graduation. Could she tell me? The desire took possession of me and I decided to try her ability at fortune telling.



I asked for Carrol Hodge and swallowed the pellet. I saw him 20 years hence still young in years but quite a bit stooped. Everything about him was typical of the smart elert prosperous business man.

The spell was on me. Mechanically I held out my hand for another pellet. I thot of Bertha Baynes and swallowed. I'd have known her voice among a million. She had started as a teacher in Vacaville so she told me and was now Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of California.

Next came Marie Scammon, such a tailor made business like Marie. She was head stenographer for a big bond and realty house in San Francisco.

Well I had to laugh when I saw Elaine Hay. If ever there was a schoolma'm she was it. She looked as wise as an owl out of a big pair of round rimmed spectacles. She used such highbrow English I could not understand her at all and with great pride she told me she was head of the English Department at Vassar.

Paul Chandler graduated with honors from Boston Tech. as an architect. He made his first success in 1925 with a skyscraper that quite outscraped all the other scrapers in New York. It was good to find one of the boys so prominent in worldly affairs.

Then there appeared Mike Rago in his Hudson Super Six. He had found the soil of Vaca Valley good enough for him and he surveyed his blossoming orchard with pride of a prosperous rancher.

Much to my surprise I saw in the New York Times an interesting interview of Nina Bartlett who was now making her debut as the leading lady in the popular comedy "Tempest and Sunshine."

Poor Daisy March had had a varied career. We all thot she would be a teacher of some kind, and sure enough there she was, a smiling, enthusiastic missionary in Siberia with a fad for encouraging "votes for women," among the Russian peasants. Hearing that I had taken up ranching on a large scale she tried to interest me in the resources of Siberia, but I thanked her kindly and said California was good enough for me.

The old gypsy grinned expectantly as I recovered from my vision of Daisy. I had no more silver to pay for my wonderful experience so I bundled them all in the car and paid my debt with a long ride.

Muriel Robinson, 20.

"Mock Address"

(With apologies to Lincoln)

FOUR short years ago, we, the illustrious Seniors, stepped forth upon a new pursuit of knowledge, clad in togs of learning, conceived in unity, and dedicated to the proposition that we should all gain our credits. Now we are engaged in a great undertaking, testing whether each and every one of us is worthy of graduation, and if not, whether we can long endure. Now we are met on a great battlefield of this question. We have learned to dedicate a portion of our brain as a final

resting place for all knowledge. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot alter, we cannot coordinate, we cannot control our minds. Our brave teachers, both living and dead, who have taught here have modified them far beyond our poor power to add or subtract. The school will not long remember what we have done here, but we will never forget the good days we have had here. We have not wrestled in vain, but it is for us, from now on, to dedicate ourselves to the proposition of increasing our bank accounts, for which purpose we have spent four years in training. It is also fitting for us to dedicate our good example to these honored schoolmates we are leaving behind us, that through this they may have increased devotion. This we highly resolve, that our good works shall not perish, but that our noble deeds in this school shall have a new birth of understanding, that this proposition of work for the credits, earn the diploma, get and keep the dollar, shall not perish from our brain.

Nina Bartlett.

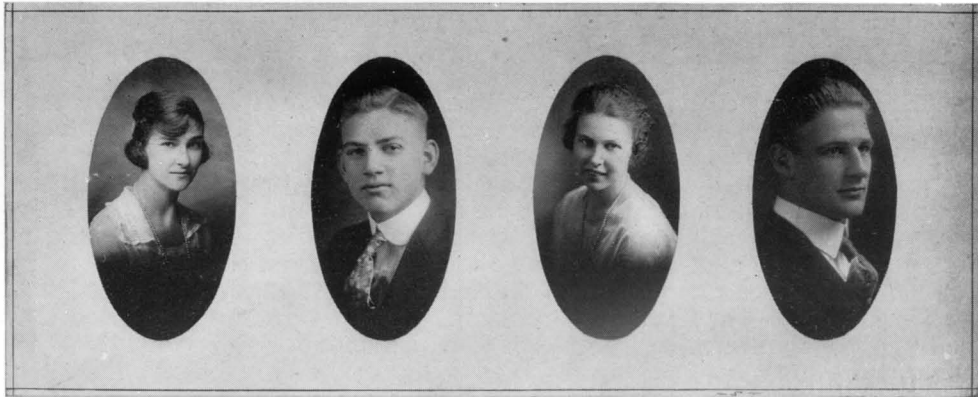
Seniors-Juniors

Seniors, quiet your unrest;
Ever we will do our best
Never to fall 'neath your standards tall.
In years to come we'll look back
O'er the bright, remaining path,
Remembering you, the victorious class.

Just leave it to us,
Until you've need to fuss,
Now we can swell
In the tracks marked so well
Over and again, we'll take cheer
Remembering you, our superior class,
For Just One Year.

Mary Phillips, '21.





Editor	Ass't Editor	Manager	Ass't Manager
Muriel Robinson	Carroll Hodge	Daisy March	Paul Chandler

IN presenting to you this volume of the Ulati we have no apology to offer. We have attempted to give a brief review of this year's work in the Vacaville High School. Our one hope is that in future years it may serve to recall the friendships, the pleasures and the interesting incidents of which our school life consisted.

We wish to thank all who have contributed in any way to aid in publishing this annual, for whether or not their contributions were accepted, we appreciate their efforts in behalf of the school paper. We also hope that in future years every student will get in and work doubling his efforts to make the Ulati a success.

Before judging the contents of this book we wish you to consider the following by Wentworth Dillon.

"I would beg the critics to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given him by Virgil and Varus, that Fundamus and Polio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious; and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured."



A Gymnasium Is What We Need

THERE is one thing lacking in this school. That is a gymnasium. There has been some discussion of the erection of a place suitable for gymnastics, for several years, but nothing has been done towards its execution. All it needs is a little boosting and organization. Other towns have a gymnasium, or are having one built. This is the only community in the county that has not thought seriously of building a hall for physical education. Are we behind the times?

The state law now demands that each student shall receive at least two hours a week of physical education. This law cannot be carried out conscientiously unless a suitable place is provided for the work. Now is the time to do the right thing towards the students by erecting a building for athletic purposes. Should not the pupils who are stooping over their desks, and poring over their books, be given some place for their recreation? Yes, it is true that they can hold their sports out of doors, but the weather does not always permit this.

Another thing that should be considered is the development of the youth of America. If a gymnasium should be provided where there would be different athletic apparatus, such as trapezes, rowing machines, basketball court, and the articles necessary to complete the organization of the quarters, the attention especially of the boys would be held. They would no longer "hang around" the streets, which is by no means uplifting to boys of high school age. The health of both boys and girls would be better because of the development of the body, which everyone needs. Also, the increased amount of sportsmanship, gained by participation in the different games, ought to be considered. The "knocks" received during such games as basketball, will help one to take the knocks of life in the right way. Gymnastics tend to increase the spirit of manhood and womanhood, which is the "stronghold" of all GOOD AMERICANS, and which must not be lowered.

Some people may ask, "What is the matter with the Annex? It was built for gymnastics." But, friends, for one thing, the place is inadequate for our sports. It is so inconvenient that boys' basketball had to be discontinued until an adequate place could be provided. Do you ask why? Because other high schools have refused to come here to compete in the Annex with our boys. Another objection to the place is that chairs must be moved every time a game is to be played.

Now, our boys won the S. C. A. L. championship last season, and we think it no more than right that we should thank the public for their excellent support, which was a very great help. But now we are eliminated from competing again for that championship—not only next year, but in future years, unless a suitable place is provided.

So, now, fellow citizens, let's all "pitch in," and pull together for a gymnasium for the High School. Should the lads of today, and their posterity, be deprived of all competition with other schools?—competition which will make better and more honest citizens. A black mark will be made against Vacaville if this is done. Surely we do not want such marks against our record of improvements. Let everyone be a booster for the VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM.

Assistant Editor.

The Need of Alumni Association

WHERE is the spirit of the school life? That is a hard question to answer, for no one seems to know, or has "pep" enough to find out. But there is one well known reason for the lack of interest in school activities. It is the assumption, by everyone, of the "I don't care" spirit. But if these people would "dig in" and turn old Vacaville High School upside down, looking for the former pep that used to be overflowing, they would soon find it. This very eagerness to find it would create the new spirit.

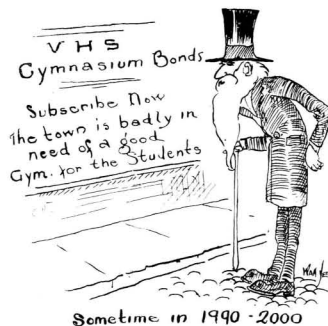
There is one way to save the life of the old traditions and the old time "jazz", before it is too far gone,—by forming an Alumni Association. In this way the gathering of the former pupils would tend to arouse the former pep. At their meeting at the end of each school term they could suggest new ideas for the students to use in the upkeep of the Student Body activities.

It is the duty of each Alumnus to advise the members of the institution where they spent many happy days and to uphold the customs and traditions of dear old Vacaville High School. If the Alumni would all rally to the cause of keeping up the interest, the pupils would soon fall in line to help.

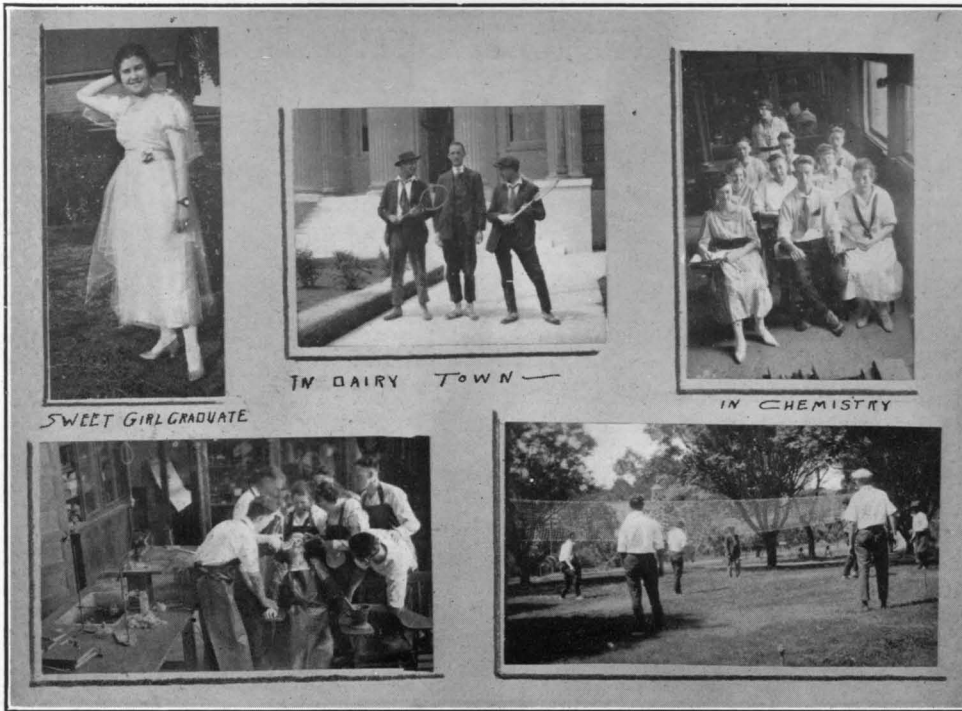
Another consideration is the social side of the Association of all former Vacaville High School students. Through the meetings, held at some convenient time, the friendships of former days might be renewed; members of the different classes who are far separated might meet more often, and so preserve old friendships.

So now, Alumni, why not get together and try to create some spirit by organizing into a society to protect the traditions of the admirable school to which we owe so much? Shall we be slackers, and allow the school spirit to be trampled down by those who do not care about the success of your former "home?" Surely we cannot shirk our duty.

Assistant Editor.



Old Alumnus: "Yes, Yes, they were to build it when I attend H.S. in 1920. I hope they'll have it built before I croak."



Value of the Ulatis to the School

I WONDER if every one realizes what the Ulatis means to the students of Vaca High. It brings the students into closer touch with their instructors, and helps to do away with that class spirit which so often takes the place of School spirit. Nothing can be accomplished without co-operation, and that is one of the things which the publishing of the Ulatis establishes. School spirit, which is now one of the foremost factors in school life, is promoted, to a great extent, through the school annual.

How are the people of Vacaville and the surrounding towns to become familiar with the activities of our school if not through the Ulatis? By means of our paper we are brought closer to the people. We realize fully that a considerable amount of money is needed to edit a book of this kind but is not that money well spent when compared with what the students gain? When in future years we look back on our school life, it will be through our school paper that we will judge our past work.

We, who are passing into the ranks of the alumni, hope that in the future there will be no thought of not publishing a final Ulatis. The publication depends on the student body organization of our school; and that organization needs much cultivation and development in order to increase the efficiency of our paper until it will have reached the height of a good, progressive publication.

—The Editor



The Quickest Way

“AW! It ain’t no use to talk to me! I tell you I’ve made up my mind, and nothin’ ’ull change me. For three years I’ve struggled along, cold and hungry three-fourths of the time, but never once would I lie, or steal to beat somebody out of a ten cent piece. I wuz bein’ good, I wuz upholdin’ the family honor. And what did I get for it? Kicks! Nothin’ but kicks, and cold, an’ hunger, an’ I’m tired of it. I’m agoin’ to the devil, I tell you! an’ I’m goin’ the quickest way! Don’t! Don’t start that old tale about my mother. I can’t stand it I tell you, an’ I’m not goin’ to listen to it. You just shut up, Conscience. What is it Bill Shakespeare says about conscience makin’ us cowards anyway? You’ve made me a coward for eighteen years, old boy, but I’m goin’ to dethrone you at last. I know my mother was as good as an angel and look what she got for it. Everybody knows that she was buried by charity. There’s no place fer the good in this town. Now what have you to say to that? Conscience? Ah! it silences you, does it? Well, you might as well get

used to keeping still, fer, from now on you're to keep still always! You've said your last say old man! I hope you enjoyed it. And now Bailey's place, and the boys. Maybe you think they don't look good to me after these three pinched years! And the feel of the dice and the cards! Good Lord! What a fool I've been these three years."

* * * * *

Five years later, the curtain raised on a large courtroom, litte more than half filled with stragglers, for it was near the noon hour.

"It's no use, judge," said an attorney wearily. "You can't get anything out of him. I've seen him up before the sternest judge in New York, and he wouldn't open his head. He's as hard boiled a criminal as ever walked the face of the earth, and you can't get any evidence out of him."

The weary proceedings dragged on, but never, not even during the prolonged absence of the jury, did the prisoner show the slightest interest. When he was at last convicted and sentenced to die, he only laughed hoarsely, as tho' not fully comprehending the dread sentence. Hours later, when he was back in his cell, with only five hours to live, its full meaning bore down upon him, and almost overwhelmed him.

"Five hours!" he muttered the cold perspiration breaking out on his brow, "only five hours! Good Lord! only five hours to live."

He sank down upon the iron cot, and buried his aching head in his arms. Then a flood of memories enveloped him, and, from far back in the past came faint signs of the conscience which had so long lain dormant. The man who, for five years, had been utterly bereft of any feeling other than love of crime, gradually became aware that he possessed a conscience. This discovery had a startling effect upon him. At first he started up as tho' struck, then he broke into a low ugly laugh.

"So! It's you, is it, old boy? So 'Little Conscience' has come back to pay me a visit? Well! well! Sit right down, and have a chair. I s'pose you heard I was goin' to be killed, and come to pay your respects? Shame on you, 'Conscience,' I thought I made you understand, when I put you to sleep five years ago, that you were done for. An' here you come pokin' up to pay your respects. I've got five more hours to hang on to this globe, an' I guess I might as well spend 'em with you as with any of my friends. Friends? That's a good one, old boy! Can you imagine a criminal havin' friends? Criminal! What are you wincin' so for? Oh! I forgot! You're a little goody-goody what can't stand anything bad. Just sit tight a minute, and I'll tell you I'm a murderer, too. Takes you down a notch or two, don't it, old chap? Didn't know you was keeping comp'ny with one of my stripe, did you? But I'm glad! I tell you, glad! glad! glad! that I'm of such a stripe! Do you hear? I say I'm glad!"

The five hours dragged slowly by. At length the doomed man heard, in the distance, the approach of his jailers.

"Oh my God! Conscience! They're comin' after me! Do you hear? An' I'm scared! Scared pink! Me! the darin'st criminal what ever faced a judge. Good Lord! Old boy, who'd a'thought it? They're a'comin'! They're a'gittin' nearer! Oh! my God! What'll I do? You win, Conscience, old boy, you win! I s'pose I'd gone to the devil in the end, but I wish, I wish to God I hadn't taken the quickest way."

Lorena Watts, '21.



“My Lady’s Social Problem”

THE telephone in the hall rang furiously—once, twice, three times. “Frenchy” Millerand threw her manuscript to the veranda floor and slowly and petulently scrambled out of the hammock in which she had been lying.

“That ’phone makes me tired, girls, really it does” she grimaced impatiently “It seems as if I can’t get down to real concentration today at all. If that play depended upon me for the heroine, I’d have to be fainting all the time, so that I could get out of saying my lines, and straining my ears to catch the cues. Ah there it goes again! I’ll just have to answer it to shut it up. Central always rings as if summoning the dead ”

“Frenchy” stepped past her friends who occupied the wicker chairs, and entered the hall from which her voice was barely audible as she answered.

Gertrude Lane and Jean Bancroft exchanged smiles, and settled back in their chairs to resume the study of their closely typewritten manuscripts. A number of talented members of the Junior Social Club of Crompton were rehearsing a play to be staged on the following Friday night in the Crompton Opera House, where all such activities were customarily held. Gertrude, Jean, and Olivia, better known as “Frenchy” had been assigned heavy parts, upon which they had toiled for the past six weeks. Careful, painstaking, study and frequent rehearsals had at last brought them “within the harbor” as “Frenchy” put it, and next Friday night, “the overtaxed vessel would swing into port.”

The study on the veranda was hurriedly interrupted by “Frenchy” who bounded lightly out through the door, “What do you know about it girls?” she gasped, her eyes round and bright with excitement. “Blanche Seaman’s face is all broke out with a horrid red rash, and it is swollen to about twice its normal size. Can you imagine anything like that? Now, what are we going to do for a heroine I told her not to use that sticky complexion stuff on her face, and that is just about what she did. Here it is Monday, and the play comes off Friday. It can’t be postponed, either, because the Grand League will have their headquarters in the Opera House for the next month or so. Won’t Miss Bird be frantic? Come on girls, let’s run down and tell her about it.”

The three excited girls ran out into the street, unmindful of the glaring heat of the afternoon sun and the danger to delicate peach bloom complexions. A gray racer turned the corner and took up the pursuit, which proved a brief one, because, with one backward glance, Gertrude had seen and recognized the machine, and had immediately refused to go a step further.

“Oh Eddie,” she panted, as the car came to a halt, “Have you heard about Blanche?”

“No,” grinned Eddie Stratford, “What’s the matter? Did she put so much putty on her face that it smothered her. Or did she fall into her perfume bottle and breathe her last?”

“Now be serious,” Gertrude cried impatiently. Then, with a smile, “You won’t have any heroine in the play Friday night, for Blanche’s



face is in a terrible condition. "Frenchy" thinks that she used some of the complexion cream Madame Latreille was selling, and it irritated her skin. Oh, what are we going to do?"

Eddie scratched his cap down over his eyes, and appeared to be in deep thought.

That is hard luck, "Gert", he agreed at last. "And the stunt comes off next Friday, too. Besides it would take another girl at least two weeks to learn that part. No one else here can represent that character so well as Blanche anyway. She tries to rehearse it every day, and not for the sake of a town audience either. Have you seen Miss Bird?"

"No, the three of us were starting down there when you caught up. Jean and "Frenchy" didn't even wait to say 'Howdy' did they? I guess they must be there by this time. Miss Bird and Mr. Randall have worked themselves nearly to death rehearsing Blanche. They will be awfully disappointed. There come the girls now!" exclaimed Gertrude, as "Frenchy" and Jean rounded the nearest corner. "I guess Miss Bird wasn't at home. Oh, look! Eddie, "Frenchy" forgot to change her shoes. Just think of walking all that distance on this hot pavement in thin little boudoir slippers. That reminds me that it is hot and I came away without my hat."

"Well, laugh!" snapped "Frenchy" as she noted the direction of their mischievous glances. "Do you suppose I care so long as I got there? I couldn't run in French heels anyway."

"Now, now, stop your argument, ladies!" soothed Eddie, "Jump in and I'll take you home, or all of you will have something wrong with your faces. Look at "Frenchy" for instance. Her face has become at least three inches longer than its normal size already."

With a general laugh the three girls crowded into the deep seat of the powerful machine. During a flurry of questions directed by Miss Gertrude, the snorting racer started down the avenue.

"Eddie, where are you taking us?" questioned Jean after a time, observing that he had taken a street leading directly into town.

The young man gazed at her with mock concern, "Really, Jean, I thought the girls weren't looking well, and needed a prescription to be filled out for them. I'm taking all of you to the City Pharmacy."

The girls glanced at one another knowingly. Gertrude closed one eye as she thought of the cool corner where the soda fountain stood in the Pharmacy. She finally opened the closed eye with a decisive glance at Jean and "Frenchy."

"I'll take a chocolate frappe, girls, how about you?"

Eddie glanced at the speaker contemptuously—"Who said anything about chocoate frappe? I said prescriptions. That may mean "Swamp Root," Lashe's "Bitters" or even "Lysol."—any of those things that sport such imposing labels on the bottles. Girls are such presuming creatures!" he raved on. "Simply because a fellow happens to treat them to a soda once in a while, in the leading drug establishment of the city, they imagine that that's all the place is good for. The idea! Now, if the girls were more like—Wowy, look at that!"

A huge black touring car had swerved across the street ahead of them and had crashed into a concrete watering trough and drinking fountain on the other side, promptly turning over with the sound of crashing

glass and ringing metal. The young people noticed that a girl was at the wheel when the car struck. Eddie brought his racer to a sudden stop at the curb and plunged to the rescue, with the girls close at his heels. As he neared the spot, a small figure with a determined face crawled from under the wreck, and sat looking dazedly at the overturned vehicle. "Frenchy" assisted her to her feet, showering questions upon her, as to whether or not she was injured. A crowd was rapidly gathering about the wrecked machine, all eager with questions about the mishap.

"Oh, I'm all right," smiled the girl good naturedly, "but I'm afraid the watering trough has been rather badly damaged by the collision. I told Daddy that the steering gear was out of order, but he merely laughed at me. It seemed to catch as I turned the corner, and I couldn't turn it either way."

"Frenchy" took the girl's arm and conducted her to the opposite sidewalk.

"I'm a stranger in town," explained the girl, in a friendly tone, "so I will introduce myself, confident that you girls do the same. I am Irene Sheldon of New York, and Daddy has rented the Turret House for the season. He spent his boyhood near Crompton, I believe. Probably your families know him, or have heard of him."

"Frenchy" introduced her girl friends and Eddie, who came running from across the street.

"I'll see that your car is taken to the garage, Miss Sheldon," promised the young man as he turned to go. "I'll be right back to take you home, girls, within fifteen minutes."

"They're coming down to my house, Mr. Stratford. You may call for them there."

At the girls' protests she waved her hand boyishly.

"I'm wild to get acquainted around here, and I'm not going to let you slip away so soon."

While she was speaking she looked down wonderingly from time to time, at "Frenchy's" bright boudoir slippers. Gertrude laughingly explained their predicament about the play, and that they had rushed into the street, forgetting hats, and "Frenchy" even forgetting to change her slippers.

"That surely is very discouraging," agreed Miss Sheldon earnestly. "I was in a little play myself, a short time ago, and I enjoyed it immensely. I took the part of the leading lady, and of course I believed it was the most charming of all plays. It was wonderful, I thought. I wish you could have seen it. It was called 'My Lady's Social Problem'."

The girls cried out in astonishment, "My Lady's Social Problem!" Why that's the one we have been rehearsing for the past six weeks! And our leading lady is the one who is unable to appear! Oh, Miss Sheldon, will you substitute for us? The play **must** come off Friday night."

"Of course I will," returned the girl, "I'll be glad to do it. Oh, I'm so interested already. I wouldn't leave here now for the worlds, and just to think how I pouted when Daddy insisted on spending the summer here."

The happy girls fairly danced up the broad steps of the Turret House.

"I wonder what Dad will say about the accident," whispered Irene as they entered. "This is the fourth car that I have wrecked for Sheldon, Sr. within a year. Rather extravagant isn't it? He usually has them repaired,



and then trades them in for new ones. I'll try to get a Moonbeam this time, I've wanted one for ages."

The girls were introduced to the jovial gray-haired man who, they decided, was one of the best Daddies they had ever seen.

When he learned of his daughter's mishap, he shook his gray head, and said with a smile, "Try to be more careful, child. You may not always be so fortunate as to escape with your life. But it is a family trait," he said, turning to the girls, "the Sheldon's were always noted for their dare-devil feats long years ago, and Irene is a true Sheldon. Luck seems to favor the name or else the Grant Sheldon ancestors would have been wiped out long ago."

Eddie returned a few minutes later with the news, that the Sheldon car had broken an axle, and that several other parts were seriously damaged. The girls again seated themselves in the gray racer, and their last words were: "Don't forget the rehearsal tonight, Miss Sheldon."

Friday morning found Blanche Seaman's face worse than ever. When she learned that a substitute was to take her place, she flew into a childish rage, for it was quite a shock to her, petted pride to be left out of any social affair. But in spite of repeated attempts to cure it, the infection seemed to become more serious.

The final dress rehearsal on Friday afternoon was anticipated with great excitement. But that excitement reached its height when Irene Sheldon failed to find her costumes in the place where she had left them. A general search was made, but without success. Had Blanche made up her mind at the very last moment, not to allow Irene to use her costumes? Someone telephoned immediately to the Seaman residence, only to be informed, by the housekeeper, that mother and daughter had left on the one o'clock train for a summer resort twenty miles down the coast. Blank disappointment was depicted upon the faces of the girls huddled about the stage and the dressing room. How odd that the Seaman's should leave so unexpectedly! The situation was surely unexplainable.

As Miss Bird, manuscript in hand, stood questioning Irene, Eddie rushed up.

"How far is it from here to New York, Miss Sheldon? Seventy miles, isn't it?"

At her affirmative reply, he snatched a heavy coat from a nearby chair, and threw it over her shoulders.

"Come, I'm pretty sure we can easily make it there and back in three hours. It's five o'clock now. Then you can use your own costumes. If we have tire trouble we can count on your not appearing until the second act. It's lucky the play is written that way. It gives us more of a chance," he laughed.

Amid the cheers of the onlookers, the two excited young people rushed out to the waiting car. A terrific snort and a cloud of smoke issued from the exhaust as the huge gray car thundered down the street.

At nine thirty the curtain rose for the second act of "My Lady's Social Problem," showing, "My Lady", in all her splendor, standing before a huge bowl of pink roses. She was dressed in a gown of shimmering yellow satin which fell in perfect folds from the dainty figure of the wearer. A gasp, scarcely audible, was noticed by persons in the vicinity of a closely veiled woman in the audience, who sat in the shadow of the



heavy folds of the balcony curtain. It was supposed that the beauty of the scene had brought forth the tense exclamation, but,—

The play progressed without a hitch. The heroine appeared time and again, faultlessly gowned in costumes of stunning beauty and perfection of style. The curtain went down after the last act, amid a roar of applause. The play had been a success.

The caste surely deserved all the praise given in the Saturday morning edition of the "Crompton News." The play was discussed all over town;—the perfection of the costumes used,—the ease of each character;—the perfect poise of the heroine—everything had been beyond the wildest anticipation.

Happier girls were never known than "Frenchy" and her three friends. Irene Sheldon had made an adorable heroine, and, in spite of her long ride, she showed not the slightest sign of fatigue. But beneath their happiness, one matter remained undiscussed, although each realized what was uppermost in the minds of the others. The costumes had disappeared on Friday morning; but how? Where? Why? These remained unanswered questions.

Elaine Hay, '20.

Description

I STOPPED at an old inn along the road to warm myself by the fire and found myself in one of the quaintest places I had ever seen. The exterior of the house was old English style in stone and cross sections of wood. I went up to a huge oaken door studded with brass nails, and after once pulling the shining knocker was admitted by a buxom, red-cheeked lady who very graciously welcomed me to her cheery domain. A bunch of keys jingled pleasantly at her belt as she led me to a seat by the fire. The room had a warm and cheerful air about it and I felt rested at once. Opposite me sat the innkeeper, who eyed me in a friendly way over his pipe.

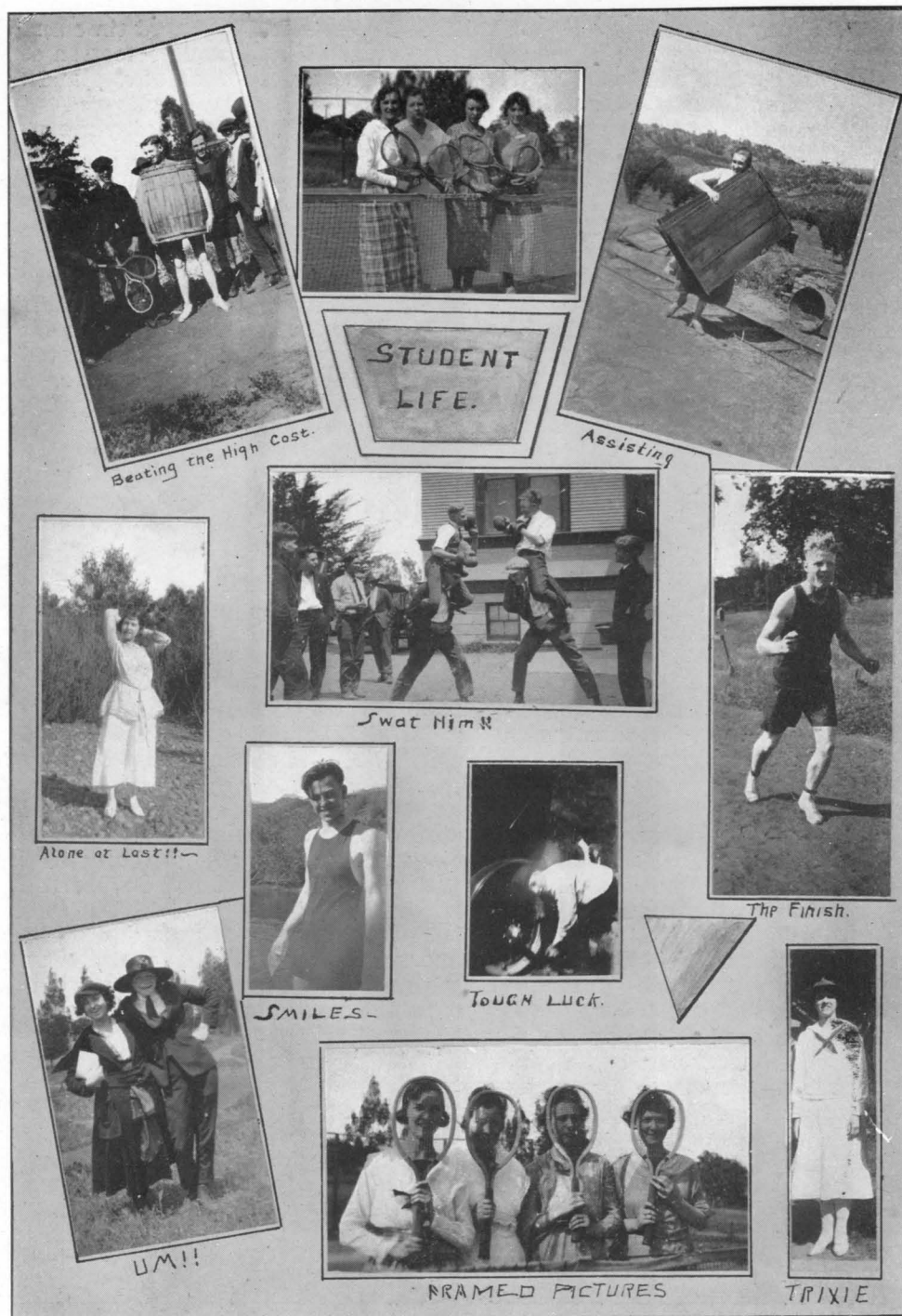
After we had exchanged a few words I gazed around the room and saw the most beautifully stained oak walls that I had ever seen. A heavy iron hoop pierced with holes containing candles, hung from the ceiling by a chain and I saw that this and the glow shed by the fire were the only lights in the room.

A long old table, which looked like an ancient monastery table, stood in the center of the floor and around it were heavy armed chairs. A long cupboard stood against one wall and on the sideboard were rows and rows of shining dishes. A writing table was along the opposite wall.

The beamed ceiling was curiously carved and although it was blackened by smoke the patterns could still be discerned. Here I was interrupted in my inspection, for the busy innkeeper's wife was back again with a pitcher of warm drink for me. I stayed only a minute after this because the stage was drawn up outside the door and the horses were impatiently neighing to be off.

Catherine Hewitt, '22.





A Marsh

THE late spring afternoon passed into evening. A haze fell over the marsh and river, as a chill was creeping into the still air, and a robin sang her lullaby. The voices of many birds and insects were announcing the end of day in the fiery rays of sunshine. The sun silently closed its eyes of light, and sank in that western splendor to worlds far away.

The cry of doves came from the eastern shore, as the tall pines lulled the birds to sleep. The great marsh, closed in with pine and spruce and hemlock, was wrapped in a hush, silent and peaceful, between that hour of the sinking sun and the rising of the moon.

Now and then the silence of night was broken by the quacking of a duck, or the splash of a fish as it leaped out of the water. A gray streak of light appeared on the eastern horizon, and the dewy morning, silent and delightful, was just awakening. The air was soft and balmy, and full of fragrant smell of flowers, plants and trees. Insects were calling, and the frogs, beyond the river in the great marsh, sang their morning greeting. The water seemed to ripple to the softly moaning pines, as the stars surrendered their brilliance to the dawning day. Day was coming very fast, and soon the sun was high in the eastern sky.

Harry Kunkel, '21.

The Demons of the Cavern

IT WAS in the gray of the morning when Jack first fell into the brush hidden hole. He must have fallen a considerable distance over jutting rocks, for when he landed on the moist floor of the spacious cavern, he was in darkness. It seemed to the terrified boy that this darkness was multiplied with more inky blackness, until the place could hold no more. How good a light would seem! But the thought only intensified the gloom, until he scarcely moved for fear.

Slowly he gathered courage and felt about him, but suddenly he drew back, for he had touched a slimy substance. Again he felt, and this time he thought that his fears were groundless, for the object that he touched seemed to be only water oozing out of a wall over long streamers of moss which had rotted for years in the icy water. Small insects hung by thousands to the water-soaked growth. The touch told him more than the semi-darkness could.

A peculiar odor arose from the surrounding space. Fear of some unknown evil came with that odor, and shaped into shadows lighter than the triple darkness of the cavern, and stared at the boy, who, by now, was crouched against a rock. The air filled with these demons of fear, filled, and filled, and filled, until the atmosphere reeked with them, and with the awful fumes of something unknown. All these terrible images began to shape more definitely;—some grew long, while others were short and squat. All were white, with eyes that gleamed and shone brighter with the increasing population of sprites. All stared at the



boy, who trembled with fright, until he thought that the world trembled with him. Would they ever leave him alone, or take their shining eyes off him? What were these awful things that hung from the ceiling, and the ones that stood on the floor?

Gradually the light from the outside world,—perhaps miles away,—came, until Jack could see that these objects of terror were merely icicles. As he gained courage, he began to look about him, and found that his first impression of the wall was correct. A black muddy water flowed slowly out over the decayed moss. The icicles were, in reality, long crystals of some unknown substance, and these were the demons which had frightened him.

Following the stream of light with all the haste he could muster, he found new objects of curiosity, but he did not stop to look at them closely, for the fear of the cavern had not altogether left him. At last he stood at the mouth of the huge hole, and looked out. His eyes were dazzled, for he looked at something almost as bright as the sun. Shielding his eyes, he crawled from beneath the opening to the lake.

Now he found what the bright object was. The sun was reflected from the lake's surface, into the cave, at a certain time of day. For this reason the place was not left in darkness all the time. Jack soon got his bearings and returned to camp, but he resolved to come back later, with his comrades, to explore the great cavern.

Bernice Gates, '21.

A Winter Day

THE winter's sun shed its pale rays upon the world below and the blue sky was partially obscured by white, fleecy clouds. Birds, deceived by the mildness of the atmosphere, were warbling in the bare branches of the tall trees. Two or three sparrows, bolder than the rest, came to drink and bathe in a little brook which flowed along the bare, cold bank. The surrounding hills, over which hung a soft gray haze, appeared dreary and solemn. Slowly, very slowly, the sun descended, casting a hue of delicate pink and lavender over the fleecy clouds. Soon the calm twilight settled down and a drowsy moon came out to shine through the branches of the trees, onto the earth below.

Louise Dalto, '22.

The Other Journey

THE local train stopped, for Springs was as far as it went that night. The only passenger to descend was a small old lady, shabbily dressed; but even the old bonnet which covered most of the silver locks did not hide the sweet, patient look nor the kind grey eyes. Traces of tears were seen as she asked the conductor what time the train left for Cornell—for that was to be the end of her journey; there she was



to spend the rest of her life, at "Sunnyville." Sunnyville was a bright name for a home, but to her this home was covered by a dark cloud, for this was the name of the poor house.

Slowly the old lady made her way down the street. She had no money—not even enough to pay for the cheapest kind of room. The bitterness that had so suddenly come into her life seemed too great a burden. Over and over again she murmured: "Oh, God, why have my children forsaken me?" She passed through the well lighted business section, and on into the residence district. But suddenly she stopped as if overcome by grief.

"I can't believe it!" she sobbed, slowly sinking to her knees. "How often when children, they said they loved me, and now they've turned against me. I am going to the poor house. Oh, never never! never! I cannot! Oh the disgrace! Oh, God! take me home, and forgive my children."

Suddenly, as though to comfort her, there came, through the quiet night, the words of a hymn sung by a choir, and the voice of a minister saying, "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Slowly the kneeling figure rose, and the little old lady made her way to the church. As she sank into a pew for a time she forgot her troubles and the disgrace which was to be hers on the next day—"and so this little boy refused to go swimming, but instead he went to visit the grave of his brother. For it was on this day that the brother had saved his life, and so he had set aside this day. And so, brethren, should we set aside Good Friday, for that was the day when Our Saviour died for us."

Tears were coming into many eyes. Perhaps some of those present had had their lives saved by some one, who, in doing so, had lost his own life, and they had since failed to remember that that day should be kept sacred.

The last hymn had been sung, and unnoticed the little old lady slipped quietly out. But after the people had left, she returned, and sinking upon the cold cement steps, she began to cry out in agony, for she had again remembered what daylight would bring to her.

"Oh, God! spare me this disgrace! Spare me! Take me home, and forgive my children. They do not realize what they are doing." And slowly she knelt upon the church steps. In the morning, when the laborers started to their work, they found the little old lady lying on the church steps, and we know that she had taken the other "Journey Home."

Muriel Robinson, '20.

Outside

IT WAS a cold winter day in New York. When Michael first awoke that morning, he found the window covered with frost and fog. It was discouraging to have to lie in a hospital, where one could see only frosted window panes. If the nurses did not walk into the corridor every few minutes, he might have tried to get up out of bed. His clothes

lay just across the foot of his small bed-cot, and he was tempted to reach for them. Putting one limp hand from under the covers he pulled the clothes nearer, but not before a great weakness had overcome him, and forced him to fall back upon the pillows again.

When the nurse entered the room, Michael's questioning look attracted her attention.

"Is there anything you want, Son?" she asked. The last word was not very complimentary to him. "I am old enough to earn my own living," he thought, "and boys aren't called 'Son' after that—no, not in my society." But aloud she answered:

"Ma'am, is this here place a public hospital?"

"Why, yes," returned the surprised woman, "this is a free hospital, Son."

Pain came into the boy's eyes when the nurse had left. He was in a free hospital—he, Michael Carlyle, the violinist, had to accept free help.

"O, God is cruel!" he murmured between thin lips. "They have not paid me enough. They have cheated me out of my rightful income. I am homeless! Without parents! But that doesn't matter. Nothing matters, except that I must escape from these rooms. I can't stay here. I must get out into the fresh air."

Slowly and cautiously he reached for his clothes, and as slowly dressed himself. Once or twice this operation was interrupted by the coming of a nurse, and, at her first step, Michael slipped quickly under the covers. Once outside the building, he experienced a sense of relief from all fear.

It seemed wonderful to be able to walk again in the fresh air; to be sure, he was a little weak and tired—but that did not matter to him. As he roamed in the park grounds, the sun came out, and Michael felt grateful to the world for that sunshine.

"God is not so harsh after all," he told himself.

But the sun could not last forever, and, in a short time, a cool breeze came up, and all nature took on a gloomy appearance again. Michael told himself that he could not stay here. He would go to the country, where there were stars and trees. He had five dollars with him, and his violin. There was a friendliness about the violin, when he had no other friend in all the world. It was comforting to feel its light weight over his shoulder.

When he left the park bench, Michael took a car to the depot, pushed his way through the crowd, and bought a ticket. As he turned away from the counter, he remembered the strange look the ticket agent had given him; but he soon dismissed this from his mind, and thought only of the coming train.

After he found himself in a seat on the train, he soon fell fast asleep. Some time later he was awakened by an angry conductor, who was telling him that he had reached his destination, and that this train would take him no farther.

"I am here!" was Michael's first thought when he saw the small country station. He was in the country. So he walked and walked—not knowing, or caring, where he went. Night was fast coming on, and flakes of snow began to fall, making a white path for his feet to tread.

He did not mind the snow, he thought; it was the cold that pinched



his thin lips, and stung his face, and pierced through his thin and well-worn clothing. His violin seemed to have taken on weight as he walked, and his feet stumbled in the snow. But still he trudged on, on—he cared not where he was going.

"It doesn't matter," he told himself again and again. "No one cares for a poor violinist—no one, except an interested audience and then they, too, forget the musician and think only of his music."

Night had come, and with its advent the white stars glistened and twinkled overhead. Michael was delighted and thrilled with the sight. But gradually the snow began to fall again, and he realized that he could watch the stars no longer—he must keep going. Now and then he passed a house or two, and was tempted to sit on the doorstep to rest himself, but the fear that he might not be able to get up again prompted him to trudge on. At last his limbs refused to go farther, and he knew that he must sit down in the snow. But he did not mind that, he was getting warmer now, and he slipped to the ground.

* * * * *

Two days had elapsed. The snow had ceased to fall, and the sun came out to smile on the white covered earth. Farmer Henderson went about his morning chores and, after breakfast, he told his wife that he was going over to get Mr. Buell, a neighboring farmer, to help him for the day.

"But have you forgotten that it is Sunday, John? What will Mr. Buell, with his bringing up, say to your asking him to break the Sabbath Day?"

"Well," laughed her husband, "Mr. Buell may have had fine raising, but he ain't a crank on the Sabbath Day. He knows that farmers can't afford to lay off on Sunday."

So saying, Mr. Henderson grabbed his old hat from its nail on the kitchen wall, and stalked out into the snow. Mrs. Henderson watched her husband, leaving through the old gate, and, turning, murmured, "It's no use—men will be men." And then she too, went on with her morning tasks.

When Farmer Henderson knocked at his neighbor's door, the old man greeted him absent-mindedly, and led him into the living room.

"Well," Henderson spoke, breaking the peculiar silence, "I have come after you, to help me today."

The neighbor seemed not to have heard the remark, for he said, "Something happened last night, Henderson. Sit down and I will tell you all about it."

"Yes? What happened?"

"Well, we picked up a young fellow in the snow last night."

"In the storm?"

"Yes; he was half-starved, and frozen when I found him. I had just finished milking the cows, and was walking toward the house, when I stumbled over something near the doorstep. He was nearly buried in the snow, with his violin by his side."

"Died, did he?" asked Henderson, anxious to learn all quickly. He had no love for long stories.

"No, not yet. Sarah is too good a nurse to allow anyone to die around her," continued Buell. "We have been working with him all night. Sarah



has set her heart on keeping him if he recovers. You know we have never had any children, and this poor unfrotunate boy is so very young."

At this moment Sarah entered the room, after greeting John Henderson, dropped into a chair near the fireplace. She looked tired, but she wore a smile on her eyes and lips.

"The crisis is over, Ned. He will live. Just now he is sleeping peacefully. A moment ago he murmured, 'It doesn't matter—I am growing warmer now.'"

"Bless his heart," she added, "he will never know how cold he was."
Florence Griffith, '21.

A Tale of the Desert

THE steel trappings of the camels jingled, as the ungainly beasts jogged slowly over the sands. In the cold rays of the moon, the caravan presented a weird and ghostly spectacle; the large humped bodies of the animals were enlarged and exaggerated on the uneven surface of the barren waste on which they were traveling. No sound was heard except the occasional remark of one of the drivers. Indeed, so profound was the silence that to one viewing the scene it would appear more like a huge moving panorama than like an occurrence of real life. At the rear of the long procession were two children—a girl and a boy, about eight and ten years of age. The boy, a tall handsome fellow, was mounted on a coal black steed; and the girl, a dark beauty of her race of people, rode a small white pony. While they silently advanced over the sandy waste they were engaged in low conversation together. As the night lengthened and slowly merged into early dawn, tall palm trees met the welcoming eyes of the travelers, and they urged on their plodding camels, rejoicing that it was their good fortune to reach a place where they might procure water, and be sheltered from the blistering rays of the sun during the day. But they knew not of the peril which awaited them in this inviting spot.

The sun was sending but a few rays of light into the sky when the caravan finally reached its destination, the oasis. The men had started to unstrap the burdens from the camel's backs, when sharp screams from the women arrested their attention. From behind huge boulders dashed four Bedouin horsemen on swift Arabian steeds. After forcing the men to surrender all articles of value, which they might carry, they spurred their horses and vanished in the distance. The excitement was so great that, until the sun was high in the sky, no one noticed that the little girl of the white pony was missing. Then it was too late to search for her, because the heat was too intense to allow one to travel on the desert. All sorrowed at the thought of her capture by the Bedouins, but no other sorrowed so much as did her companion of the black horse.

That night, when all were asleep, forth from one of the tents came a tall, well-built boy with a small package containing food enough for two or three days. After silently saddling his horse he leapt on to it, and noiselessly sped away in the direction taken by the Bedouins, leaving behind him the sleeping camp. Thus he traveled for many miles,



until, about the middle of the night, he caught a glimpse of a light, shining but a short distance away. He rode as far as he dared, and then crept stealthily to where he might see whether or not this was the Bedouin camp. As he crept nearer, he could distinguish figures of men about a huge fire. In the center of the group was the girl of the white pony,—dancing, but not so happily as she had danced for the caravan.

The boy watched her until the circle around the campfire broke up, and the men went into the large tent where they slept. One man who was left to guard the little captive, roughly pushed her into a small tent where she was to spend the remainder of the night. It was then that her companion saw his chance to help her gain her freedom. Slowly and cautiously he raised the side of the tent, and laid his hand on the girl's arm; silently he made her understand that she was to follow him. Noiselessly they crept from under the tent, and made their way to where the coal black horse had been left. But when they reached the spot, the horse was not there! He had vanished into the night. With a despairing heart the boy skirted the camp searching for the animal, but he was not to be found. He begged his small companion to return to the camp, now that they had lost their only way of escape. But she steadfastly refused, and together they started on their journey over the sands.

The sun arose with a fierce red glow, a danger signal to those acquainted with the desert. As the day advanced the two children still continued their terrible journey over the hot sand. Towards noon a strong wind arose, and the weary travelers saw, coming from the west, a thick cloud of dust twisting into ghostly shapes. Before they could lie down in the burning sand, the traveling cloud was upon them and when it passed, nothing was left where they had been, except a mound which neither moved nor made a sound.

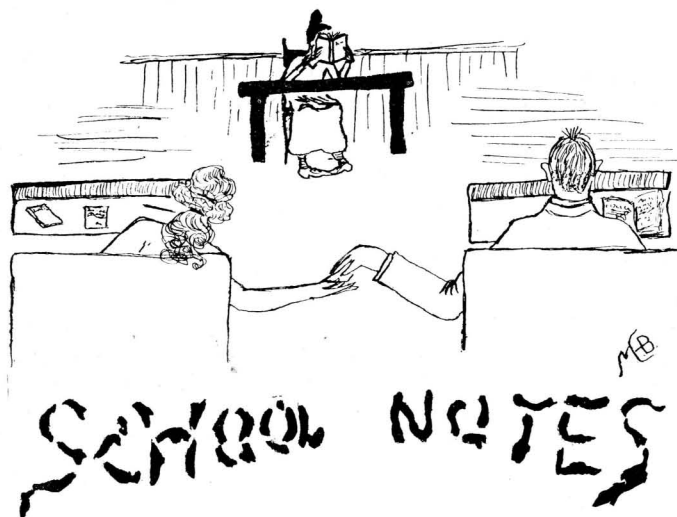
Katherine Hathaway, '23.

Books Added to our Library

- 1—How to Queen—Cole.
- 2—Trials of a Would-Be Politician—Chandler.
- 3—What I Don't Know About Tennis—Muriel.
- 4—Excuses I Have Used—N. Bartlett.
- 5—The Art of Editing a Paper—D. March.
- 6—Laziness,—How I Cured Mine—Weldon.
- 7—A Treatise on Cigarettes—Bassford.
- 8—The Art of Bluffing—J. Carlo.
- 9—A Summary of the Art of Playing the Piano—Ben Nelson.
- 10—Journalism from the Managerial Standpoint—E. Hay.
- 11—High Brows and Low Brows—C. Chase.
- 12—Lessons on the Shimmy—Trippe.







School Notes

THE students of V. H. S. have been particularly favored this year in securing unusual advantages in addition to their school work and their good times, since the school has been favored with teachers thorough in their work, and has procured trained and widely experienced nurses to instruct in their particular branches of work.

STUDENT BODY

The Student Body did its excellent work this year under the following officers:

First Semester

President	Elaine Hay
Vice President	Carrol Hodge
Secretary	Lorena Watts
Treasurer	George Pardi

Second Semester

President	Paul Chandler
Vice President	Bernice Gates
Secretary	Mary Phillips
Treasurer	Donald Bassett

Our student body organization this year has been interesting, the meetings have been well attended, and the students have gotten together and done some very creditable work. It has kept up our school spirit, and all have worked together harmoniously.

ULATIS READINGS

The first Ulati reading was conducted with Paul Chandler as editor and Muriel Robinson as assistant editor, and a good program was



enjoyed by all. The second reading was under the editorship of Muriel Robinson with Nina Bartlett as assistant editor. The Boob McNutt trio was a great attraction of that reading.

HOME NURSING

Last winter Miss Berthaline Cauldwell, a trained nurse with "Over Seas" experience, instructed the girls in "Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick," a sensible, practical course from which the girls profited greatly. At the end of the course they received certificates from the Red Cross which will be of great assistance to those who intend to enter into training at a hospital, as it will credit them with three weeks work.

FIRST AID

Miss Ella Anderson, another nurse who did her part in France, and whom all residents of Vacaville know and admire as the community nurse, gave a course in First Aid to both boys and girls. The girls' class met on Mondays and Wednesdays and the boys' on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This, also, is very valuable, for it prepares one to meet calmly the accidents which occur every day. Upon passing examination, the girls received a Red Cross certificate which was highly valued.

MUSICAL

The girls have received their musical education this year in two sections under the able teaching of Miss Geissler. The first section met on Mondays and Wednesdays, and the second section on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The boys have done excellently in their musical periods under Miss Goodsell and Miss Kirkpatrick.

CANDY SALES

Many noon hours of this term have found tables in the lower hall, with fair candy vendors dispensing their wares with the greatest speed. Thus did the Freshmen do their duty toward the Ulati and all too soon did the cry "All Gone" sound through the hall, for who could hope to satisfy the sweet tooth of a Senior boy, much less those greedy Freshmen?

DOUGHNUT SALE

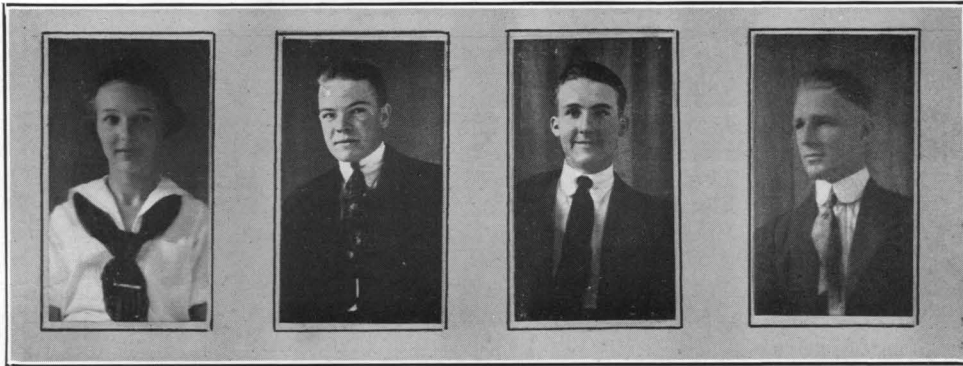
The Sophomores held a doughnut sale during one noon hour, serving home made doughnuts and hot coffee. The proceeds were to help swell the Ulati funds; and there are rumors that another such swelling would not be unwelcomed.

JUST FUN

School this term has not all been cram and grind: Oh! No! Wienie roasts and moonlight picnics as usual claimed their share of evenings. The Juniors and Seniors, a short time ago went to Mix's canyon on a moonlight picnic, in Pete's big wagon, chaperoned by Miss McKnight and Miss Anderson. They say they had a good time, but personally I do not think it was as good as the time we Sophomores had on the same night at Hoffman's, on Putah creek, whither we went in automobiles, chaperoned by Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Luke. The moon was not exactly at its full, but the bonfires made up for that.

Dora Ann Trippe, '22.





Class Presidents

Lois Robinson
Freshman

Alfred Johnson
Sophomore

Harry Kunkel
Junior

Paul Chandler
Senior

Senior Class Notes

IN the month of September, 1916, a class, notable for its green color entered Vacaville Union High School. This greenness, peculiar to Freshmen, is exceedingly uncomfortable for those who wear it;—so uncomfortable, in fact, that many leave school in order to bury their ignorance in the midst of others in a like state. These reasons moved most of our class members to leave; but we are proud to say that nine bravely endured their hardships until that gaudy hue gradually wore off.

The class of '20 has always taken an active interest in student affairs, but when the occasion called for a history of the class, there was only enough material to fill four or five volumes. This lack of material is due, not to a lack of active interest in the class, but to the fact that we have won our success, not by quick jumps, but by a gradual ascent.

During the four years of the high school course slight quarrels occurred with various teachers, and a few "unfair" grades blotted the cards, but these are all past,—forgiven, and forgotten.

The class has donated, semi-annually, a pocket or two of silver and gold coins for the editing of the final *Ulatis*. Our record is spotless, and our example is excellent, Oh, "Ye Lower Classmen!"

Probably the reader of this class history (for such it is supposed to be) will meditate as to what characterizes the Seniors of '20, among the four classes of the school. He will probably recall the following verse:

The Freshman is as green as grass,
The Sophomore is full of gas,
The Junior thinks he has some class,
The Senior **knows** that he will pass.

Bertha M. Baynes, '20.

Junior Class Notes

Listen, my friends with tender hearts,
How gallant Juniors act their parts.
Receive this news in doleful dumps
For many and hard have been our "bumps."
We as freshmen entered here,
Small and weak, and full of fear;
And ev'ry time we took a breath
We felt the near advance of death;
But with hopes we're still inspired,
And never once would have retired.
For, far ahead in doubtful sight
We saw a little stream of light—
For we would soon be Sophomores
And have our honors then galore!
Then, one day, in ranks of pride,
We to the Sophomore room did glide.
And there a teacher, full of state,
Seemed to pronounce our very fate,
Until, as we became acquainted,
Our fear from us had slowly fainted;
Until the boys of twenty-one
Became quite proud and glory won;
For bravely they took the present chance
And ushered the girls to a formal dance.
So thus our Sophomore year did pass
And we became the Junior Class.
That year it was when we won fame
Which still we have in the social game.
For we gave parties, teas and dances,
And ev'ry thing that struck our fancies.
And we were good in school work too,—
We always managed to pull through.
Thus we pass, through struggle and strife,
In our happy school-day life.
But never mind, and don't you sigh,
We'll be Seniors bye and bye!

Bernice Gates, '21.



'22! Rah! Rah! Rah! '22!

Sophomores

THAT'S us! You know that classy class you knew as Freshmen last year! We are carrying out our motto—"You Can't Keep Good Men and Women Down"—as best we know how. At our first class meeting, Dora Anne Trippe was given the great honor of being President of this noble and creditable class; Margaret Harrison was elected Vice President; and Delbert Mowers acted as Secretary and Treasurer.

Of course, you all attended the Freshman reception, and went away satisfied with our entertainment. Quite prompt, weren't we?

After the reception we gave a candy sale, and deprived many a boy and girl of his or her nickels.

A dark cloud enveloped us when our most noble classmate, Margaret Harrison, departed from our midst. But the sun soon broke through that cloud to present to us John Charles Bassford; and later the class won world wide fame when Leon Prentiss, of Maine, entered the school.

After the Christmas holidays, we came back prepared to enter the last semester with our old time pep and vigor. We selected Alfred Johnson to lead us; Dora Trippe acted as Vice President, while Louise Dalto took up the duties of Secretary and Treasurer.

A few days after school started we were joined by Loretta Fernandez of Fort Bragg. Evidently something was wrong because she deserted us in a couple of weeks.

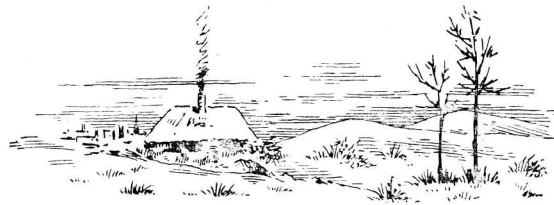
On February 27, 1920, we gave another dance for the benefit of the Ulatis. Of course, this, also, proved successful.

Oh, yes! of course you all had a taste of those most delicious doughnuts made by our Sophomore girls, and that coffee and chocolate! Of course! That feed was for the benefit of the Ulatis.

We will now leave you until next year, when we will all be Juniors.

'22 RAH! RAH! RAH! '22.

Thank you,
Ramona Lyon, Billy Cole, '22.



Freshman Class Notes

WE have survived the toss and turmoil of our Freshman year. Perhaps the glory rests upon the heads of our several noble presidents, who have so bravely demanded justice. Why several, do you ask? I speak the truth and the truth alone. All in all, we have had exactly three presidents! Extraordinary? No, my dears, not in the least. Let me proceed to explain what appears to be impossible.

We congregated in a most awed manner, and after much shouting and bickering, with numerous futile attempts from Mr. Stoddard to quell us, we elected Eleanor Blake, easily recognized by her great length and narrowness of body, as president; Ernest Piva, generally known as "Skinny", who looks as though he walked around to save funeral expenses, as vice-president; Lois Robinson, a small germ-like creature, not visible without microscopic aid, to perform the weighty duties of secretary and treasurer.

Then there ensued a long, heated, and gory battle over class colors. First we chose old rose and gold, a very artistic combination,—but the boys persisted in saying that these greatly resembled an old bonnet, so Jerry Allen (enough said) suggested purple and gold, a noisy color, indeed, and one distinctly showing that boys do not possess an artistic temperament. So we (the girls) gave up to the boys,—as girls always do—and purple and gold was, is, and always will be our colors. The flower—Ah, sweet one! They did not quarrel over it. The sweet pea, tame, but pretty, is ours for ever more.

Alas! A crack! Alas—brains we lack! We could not hold a meeting, because, generally, there was a duel or some kind of attack. We managed to give a candy sale—(notice that I fail to quote the sum we made). I shall pass over what followed until after Christmas, when we gathered again, and, though very few members were present, Jerry Allen, and enthusiastic being who knows a great deal more than any one else, assumed the presidency. Afore-mentioned, "Skinny" Piva was elected treasurer and Raymond Swasey, a quiet and bashful lad, vice-president.

I dwell but lightly and sadly on the matter about to be presented. The president and vice-president deemed themselves wise enough, and bravely left school. Therefore we had to elect others. So, after much harangueing, we chose,—as president, Lois Robinson, with whom I am sure you are all acquainted; Francis Costello, a rotund creature with a baby stare, as vice-president; while lean, lanky "Skinny" took office again as secretary and treasurer. Ah, dear one! All is over. We have done no more. But stay! Did I tell you that we gave the candy sale money to the Ulais fund?—(There was about enough to print one word!)

A few of us are dead (that is—ah! gone!) Some folks think three or four weeks sufficient time for learning what it takes most people to do in four years. A few members left school because they possessed such amiable dispositions that teachers ran over them all the time. Too bad, isn't it?

But forgive me, I guess you're tired now, so I'll stop. We will see you again next year. Remember—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Lois Robinson, '23.

Eleanor Blake, '23.





Society Notes

THE reception to the Freshmen was given by the Sophomores on September 26, 1919, in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Dora Tripp, president of the Sophomore class, gave the welcomes to the Freshmen and presented them with a box of trouble left by the "Freshies" of the previous year. Eleanor Blake, Freshman President, responded with a poem, on behalf of her class, and thanked the Sophomores for their reception. After a short program, dancing was begun, and the evening was enjoyed by all who were present.

The Sophomores held a dance on February 19, which was enjoyed by many pupils, but by few teachers and parents.

After one of our victorious baset ball games the Junior class gave a dance. The strangers seemed to enjoy the dance more, after the game had been forgotten.

"The Prom"

We the class of '21.
Plenty large and full of fun,
Gave the Prom, all in tune
On the second day of June.

The music was so full of pep,
No one could resist the step.
Roses were blooming, carnations made sprays,
Gold and green, white and green appeared in ev'ry ray

For the Seniors, honored guests,
Each one of us did his very best
To make this Junior-Senior Prom
Worth our remembrance ever long.
Mary E. Phillips, '21.

My head it aches, my hands are sore,
My feet just drag along the floor—
But Miss Geisler calls, I can not shirk,
So to the English Ex. I go to work.
I soon began to feel quite rough,—
And this, by heck! is sure no bluff—
For soon I see I cannot make
A grade in this Ex. that I must take,
I work so very hard and long
But all the questions must go wrong,
I wrack my brain and try to find
Some safe sure track to the lines
And finally wonder who's to blame
For starting such a horrid game
"As——English Ex's."

Nina Bartlett



Curious Letter

This is truly a curious letter composed entirely of names of popular songs,—salutation, body and closing phrases included.

“Tulip Time in Holland”

“Sweetheart”:

“Far, Far Away,” “I’m Just A-Wearying For You,” “‘Neath the Pale Venetian Moon.” “Tell Me,” “Will You Be True?”

“I Know What it Means to be Lonesome” as I’m “All Alone.” “Bring Back Those Bygone Days.” “When First We Met,” “Where the Water-lilies Grow,” and the “Fireflies” sang in “The Gloaming.”

“Just A Little Smile” always made “A Perfect Day” “In School Days.” “Then You’ll Remember” “Down by the Meadow Brook” when you said, “I’ll be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.”

“When We Two Parted” you said, “There, Little Girl, Don’t Cry, Don’t Cry,” “I May be Gone for a Long, Long Time,” but “I’ll Come Back to You,” “When it’s Apple Blossom Time in Normandy.”

I’m “Longing,” “Till the Day When You’ll be Mine,” when you’ll “Hold Me,” and “Kiss Me Again.”

Have you “Forgotten” “Love’s Old Sweet Song” “At Twilight,” “In the Sweet Long Ago?”

“You’re a Thousand Miles from Nowhere When You’re a Mile from Home,” so, “Some Sunday Morning,” “I’ll be Waiting for You,” “On the Road to Home Sweet Home!” and we’ll go “To the Little Grey House in the West,” “And Let the Rest of the World Go By,” while the “Blue-birds Bring Back My Happiness.”

“If You Loved Anybody But Me,” “I’d Hate to Lose You,” but “You’d Still Be An Old Sweetheart of Mine.” Then I’d need “Sympathy.”

“All I Can Do Is Just Love You,” “Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold.” So “Don’t Fall in Love With Some Other Fellow’s Girl.” “I Want the Right to Love You,” and “The Whole World is Jealous of Me.”

“Till We Meet Again,” “A Fond Farewell,”

“Kisses”

“Dardanella.”



The Pessimist and the Optimist

Said Samuel Simps to Israel Wren,
 "Them Freshmen is the bunk.
 They're green as grass, and scared to death,
 Ain't got a bit of spunk."

Said Israel Wren to Samuel Simps,
 "You leave them Freshmen be.
 They're larnin' fast and by next year
 "I'll bet they'll be some lively."

Said Samuel Simps to Israel Wren,
 "Them Soph'more's acts too fresh.
 Let's take them down a peg or two
 To make them not so selfish."

Said Israel Wren to Samuel Simps,
 "Them Soph's is a jazzy class.
 They're up and comin', I tell you what!
 'N I kinda like their sass."

Said Samuel Simps to Israel Wren,
 "Them Juniors make me sick.
 Some of that class is a swell-head bunch
 And some of 'em is a stick."

Said Israel Wren to Samuel Simps,
 "Aw g'wan, you must be crazy!
 Them Juniors is the best of all,
 An' they ain't the least bit lazy."

Said Samuel Simps to Israel Wren,
 "What ails that Senior class?
 They act as if they was all asleep
 I'll bet they don't half pass."

Said Israel Wren to Samuel Simps,
 "Them Seniors is all right.
 They've got a lot of spirit, and sich,
 You're trying to pick a fight."

Said Samuel Simps to Israel Wren,
 "The hull school's on the bum.
 If they don't stop their nonsense soon,
 They'll go to ruin, I vum."

Said Israel Wren to Samuel Simps,
 "Why stand around and wail?
 It's the very best school in the whole darned world!
 Let's go for some ginger ale."

Lorena Watts, '21.

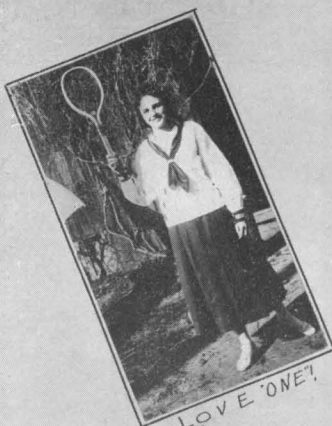




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LOVE 'ONE!



TENNIS CHAMPS.



Our Editor.



300 YEARS AGO!



Mr. McGrew Miss Geisler Miss Goodsell Miss Luke Miss Kirkpatrick Mr. Stoddard.
OUR BOSSES.

THEY?—JUNIORS OF COURSE

They never tell of glorious and noble deeds they've done;
They never make a fuss and big ado,
They never sing of triumph until the battle's won,
Nor idly boast of things that they can do.

They never try to seem so bold or so pretentious;
They never try to spread their fame afar;
They don't pretend to be too conscientious
Nor claim to be a bright and morning star.

They do not boast of e'er increasing wisdom;
And tho' they dress their hair atop their heads,
'Tis not because in pride they have advanced some
But merely show that vanity's not dead

It's not because they're timid, shy, or backward
That they keep silence yet about their rep;
It's not because they are quite stiff and awkward
They do not rave about their jazz or pep.

It's not because with brains they are so over laden,
But 'cause they always follow out this rule,
'Tis deeds not words that make the man or maiden—
That makes them such a power in the school.

Lorena Watts

THE JUNIOR CLASS

Dorothy Basset, the rotund and fair
Has caught Merl Waggoner in her snare
Sherman Bassford, a clumsy blockhead
Has turned pretty Mary Phillip's head
Sibyl Barnett, best of all girls
James Carlo, whose hair is almost curls,
Cecil Chase, and Bernice Gates also,
'Tis commonly said that he is her beau.
Oscar Danielson, of the marcel wave,
R. V. Frost who is daring and brave,
Isabel England, the peroxide blond,
Helen Penaluna, of Rio Vista fond,
Ethel Jennings, the blase vamp,
Harry Kunkel, a lazy tramp,
Horace McKinley, small but hardy,
Florence Griffith who's always tardy,
Grace Stottlemeyer, of the Dutch cut hair,
Anna Richetta with curls most fair,
Lorena Watts, last but not least,
'Tis time for this foolishness to cease.

Lorena Watts, '21.



THE GUM CHEWERS

There's a certain class of people, (you will know them by the sound,)
You can always hear them coming while a half a block away
They are always loudly chewing on the very vilest gum,
No matter where or when the day.

They drown our recitations, and with increasing roar,
They drive their teachers nearly to despair,
The violent upheaval of gum encircling jaws
Oft' makes their frenzied classmates want to swear.

Let's abolish the gum chewers; and all of them deport
To far off snowy Russia, where they all may find their joy,
In teaching Bolsheviki thus to use their energy,
And not the towns and people to destroy.

Lorena Watts, '21.

THE ANGEL'S SONG

I wandered up and down the trail
Where the air was cool and sweet,
And not a sound was there that night
A lonely soul to greet.

When suddenly a song so clear
Rang from the sunset sky,
Whose sweetness never rivaled was
In all the years gone by.

A song that I shall never hear
Again while on earth I live,
A song that not the gayest bird
Could ever hope to give.

I wonder now as the days roll by
Whence the wond'rous music came,
And tho' I've listened and waited long,
I never have heard the same.

Some say it was the wind's clear cry
That I heard in the deep twilight,
But it seems to me 'twas an angel's song
As it burst thru' the robes of night.

—Thelma Kuhlmann.

WE WON'T DISPUTE IT

An annual is a great invention:
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.



Our Janitor

There are janitors who tear their hair
When they've extra dirt to clean.
There are janitors who've been known to swear
And generally try to be mean.

But the janitor whom we have in our school
Is the students' very best friend.
He's quite an exception to the rule,
With a helping hand to lend.

He cheerfully cleans up all our mess
And scattered bits of notes,
With only a smile of forgivingness
For the naughty ones who wrote.

There are janitors who are glum and cross
But he's not like them at all
He never tries to scold or boss
But he's right there when you call.

He helps clean up our puddles of ink
And keeps our school house clean
And every one of the pupils think
He's the best they ever have seen.

Lorena Watts, '21.



Mr. P. Burk



Dreamland

I went on a trip to Dreamland
 Where the fairies romp and play,
 And the crystal brooks, thru' the shady nooks,
 Bubble the livelong day.

I went on a trip to Dreamland,
 To the land of light and love,
 Where the stars so bright, rival the fair moon's silver light
 As she shimmers and gleams above.

I went on a trip to Dreamland,
 Where the white-sailed fairy barks
 Slowly drift along while there rises the song
 Of a thousand warbling larks.

I went on a trip to Dreamland,
 Oh, Dreamland's a country fair!
 And the things that are true wait here for you—
 For the dreamer dreaming there.

I've returned from my trip to Dreamland,
 But I'm going there again
 To watch its streams in my fleeting dreams
 Away from the haunts of men.

Thelma Kuhlmann

WOULDN'T WE LIKE TO KNOW:

1. If Bertha ever brings her own powder puff?
2. If Paul Chandler ever shaves?
3. If Nina ever came to school on time?
4. Where Elaine got all her knowledge?
5. If Carroll is a Hoover man?
6. Where Mike got those loud socks?
7. Where Muriel got her "Racket?"
8. If Daisy ever knows her English?
9. Where Marie got the speed craze?
10. If all the Seniors will graduate?

CURRENT EVENTS

O tell me, O tell me, each one who hears,
 What is the cause of the most worries, most fears?
 What is it that drives us to hopeless despair,
 To the deep depths of sorrow, of trouble, of care?
 There's no doubt of the answer, so it seems to me,
 For whatever else can that answer be—

But——Current Events.

T. K.

Boys' Athletics

BASKET-BALL

Cup! Cup! Who Won the Cup?

IN the latter part of September, the first basketball practice was held at the annex, which had been secured for our games this year. A small bunch of boys showed up for practice, and prospects for the coming season were bright.

The first game played was a practice game with Armijo. We had but very little practice, nevertheless we came out ahead with the score 19 to 10. After a week's hard practice, the coaches named the team for the coming season. The following succeeded in making the team: Paul Chandler (captain) and Merl Waggoner, forwards; Sherman Bassford, center; James Carlo and Harold Hawk, guards; Elmer Burton and Eugene Griffith, substitutes.

Our first league game was played with Dixon, our old rivals. With only two weeks' practice we journeyed to Dixon and fought a very hard game. We won our first league by one field goal. The score was 25 to 23.

Then Vacaville was visited by a first quintet from Sacramento High. The townspeople showed much enthusiasm, and a large crowd turned out to witness the game. We also had a good rooting section this year, led by Harry Kunkel. We won from the Capital City boys, with the score of 20 to 15.

Our next appearance was a practice game with St. Vincent's school of Vallejo. This game was at home and won, the score being 29 to 12.

Then came a league game with Rio Vista, at home. This was an easy victory and we won with the score 55 to 22.

The next league game was played at Vallejo. This proved to be the hardest game to date, but we finally won, with the score 34 to 24.

We played the next game at home with the fastest five we played this year. This team was from St. Helena and to them we lost our only game this year. The score was 33 to 39. A large crowd witnessed our defeat but they saw some good playing.

The last league game was played at home with Armijo. We won our easiest game from them, with an overwhelming score of 54 to 14.

We were now deprived of the use of the Annex, and our basketball career came to end. We had prospects of a wonderful year had not our court been taken away. This brings home the fact that V. H. S. needs a gymnasium. It is hoped that one will be erected this year for we are going to have a strong basketball team. A gymnasium has always been a recognized need by all the community so let's all boost for a gymnasium.

We owe much of our success to our physical training director, Mr. G. P. McGrew. Mr. McGrew took complete supervision of the Annex on his shoulders and was held responsible for anything done in the hall. We thank Mr. McGrew for his untiring efforts in making the team a success this year. We also give much credit to Mr. Foster for his splendid coaching. Many new plays were developed under him and a strong machine was developed before the close of the season.



It has become the custom this year for all schools to give the visiting team a dance or a "feed." This proved to be a very good plan, as it brings the boys closer together and creates a better spirit of sportsmanship among them. We were treated splendidly when we went out of town, and we hope that those teams which came to Vacaville can say as much for us.



TRACK

Considerable more interest has been shown in track this year and Vacaville has developed a team to be proud of. Our first meet was an inter-class meet in which Juniors came out first.

We held a meet with Woodland early in the season, and were beaten with the score 91-43. Woodland has a strong bunch of athletes this year.

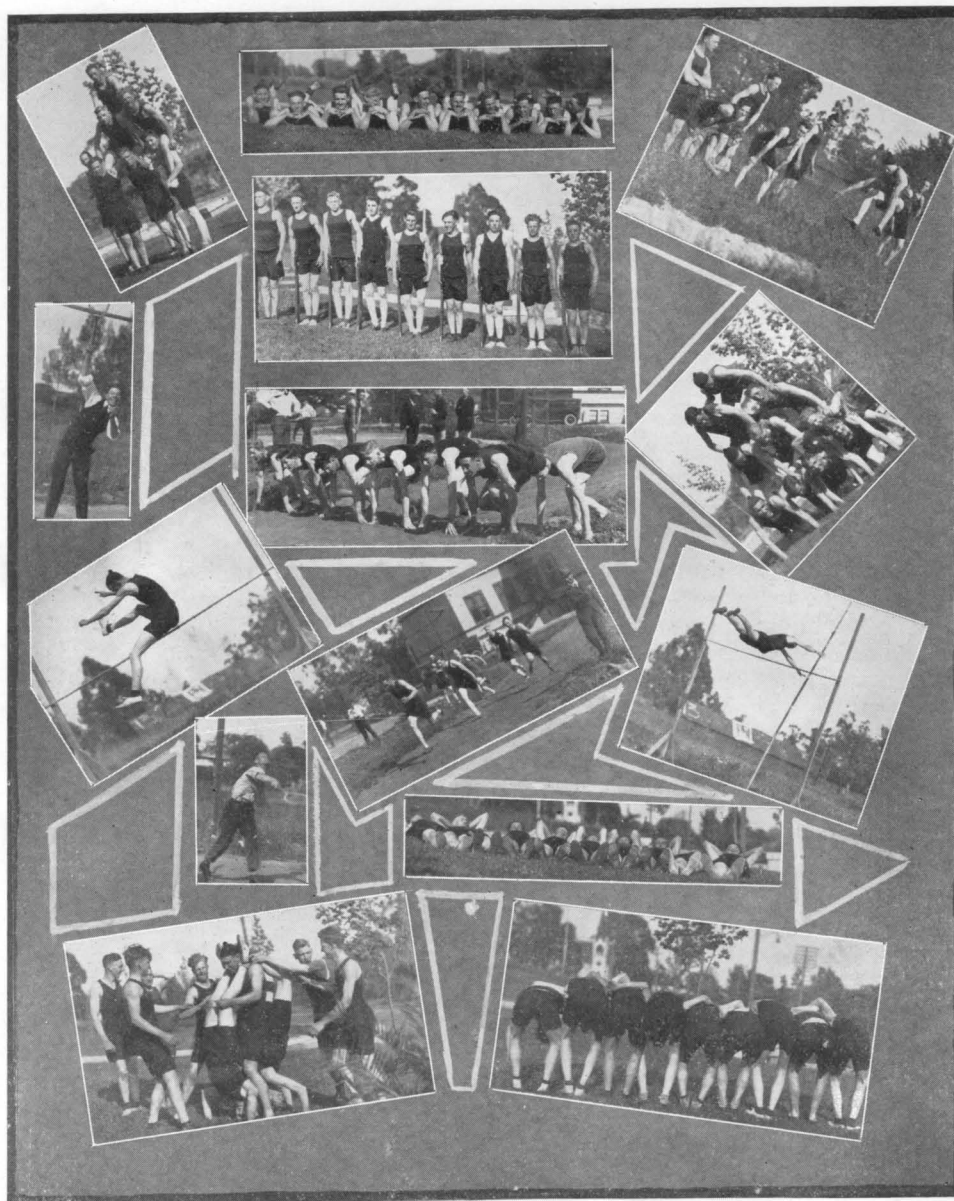
We went to Armijo and showed them up about as badly as we were shown up at Woodland. We won with the score 69-28.

In a track meet at Dixon with Armijo and Dixon, we took second place. The scores were 60-43-24, respectively.

The county field meet will be held at Dixon, May 29. We have good chances of winning a desirable place.

Merl Waggoner, '21.





On the Field and Track



Girls' Physical Training Notes

Physical training
Is really paining
The girls must take it each day.
But still they do it,
They have to go thru it
They really cannot get away.

Miss Luke is our trainer
We hope not to pain her,
To see the mistakes that we make.
We look back with fun,
On our work when 'tis done,
And no one can term us a fake.

The girls can play tennis,
It's not such a menace
When once we get started to play.
It really is dandy,
The tennis court's handy,
We could play both all night and all day.

Baseball is favored,
And oh! how they labored
To get up a team that could play.
To win is their dream,
Over some outside team
And they practice it every day.

Sometimes 'tis sad,
But 'tis not always bad,
For some days we go for a walk.
It has long been our joy,
To do as well as a boy,
So what's the use of the talk?

Helen Penaluna, '21.





Dramatics

ALTHO' the students of Vacaville Union High School were unable to produce the customary school play because of the influenza quarantine and other difficulties, still they provided an entertaining and profitable evening on May 11—presenting a short comedy, "Heirs at Law," with several pleasing vaudeville numbers consisting of songs and dances.

"Heirs at Law" dealt with the unravelling of many difficulties centered about the will of an eccentric old man, and was filled with humorous situations thruout the entire play. The cast was as follows:

General Lindsay Doane—(The "Heir at Law").....	Carroll Hodge
Richard Doane.....	Paul Chandler
Gertrude Doane.....	Muriel Robinson
Mrs. Theodosia Rockwood.....	Elaine Hay
Phoebe Rockwood.....	Lorena Watts
Leebert Lloyd.....	Donald Bassett
Mlle. Fleurette.....	Bernice Gates
Meta—(Servant Girl).....	Nina Bartlett

Other dramatic 'stars' also helped boost the Ulatis funds by presenting amusing vaudeville numbers at the High School Benefit given at the Grand Theatre on April 26-27. The motion picture feature was "Secret Service" and dealt with the work of the secret service during the Civil War.

The dramatic section of the Vacaville Union High School presented several appropriate programs before the student body on Washington's and Lincoln's birthday, Roosevelt's birthday, and similar occasions.

It is hoped that by next year the dramatic section will be back to its previous standard and there will be no necessity of an apologetic strain in our dramatic notes.

Lorena Watts, '21.

EXCHANGES



The plan of exchanging school papers is very excellent. We are always glad to receive exchanges, which not only give us new ideas, but also inspire us to put before the public a paper which will be a good representative of our school. This plan also brings us into closer contact with schools with which we have no other connection.

To criticise a paper justly is a harder task than most people imagine. Many critics glance at a paper, and perhaps criticise the best part of it. Another difficulty, likely to be encountered, is the number of standards of excellency. Each school has its ideal paper, and what it considers a standard might be considered very poor by other schools. The school that puts out a paper understands, better than they who criticise it, what is lacking. Moreover, some schools have very little material to work with, and, in such cases, a paper of any kind is a credit.

On account of the carelessness of a few students, several of our exchanges have been misplaced. We hope that the schools whose publications have been lost in this manner will forgive us this time, and will give us another chance. We acknowledge, with thanks, the following, and hope to receive our usual number next year.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Ilex..... | Woodland |
| 2. The Poppy..... | Winters |
| 3. Scarlet and Green..... | Auburn |
| 4. The Bell..... | San Jose |
| 5. Mezclah..... | Fairfield |
| 6. University Farm Agricola..... | Davis |







Heard in Girl's Dressing Room

Ramona—tripping over Dorothy's feet)—“Hey there! Get your feet under your legs.”

In English-Current Events

Elaine—“The street was covered with the bodies of the dead that had been killed.”

Skinny—“I got zero in Latin today.”

Clyde—“That's nothin'.”

Skinny—“What's nothin'.”

Clyde—“Zero.”

Gustav—“Do you know why girls are going to be called Easter Eggs pretty soon”?

Katherine H.—“No, Why?”

Gustav—“Cause they're hard boiled and painted.”

Ramona—“There goes the Bell.”

Pearl F.—“Where's it going?”

Gustav—“Hey, Johnny! What would a guy be if he was born in Poland, raised in Siberia, and died in China?”

Johnny—“I don't know.”

Gustav—“A corpse.”

Miss Goodsell (History)—“Has anyone seen Delbert's book?”

Parry (Just finding a city he had been asked to locate)—“I found it! It's in Southern Greece.”



(Lorena Hits Eleanor With a Ruler)

"Say, Lorena, why don't you pick on some one your size?" (Then after thinking for a minute) "But that's impossible, for you couldn't find anyone!"

B. G. to C. C.—"Well, I don't know which one it can be."

C. C.—"Well, I'm sure it's not that one."

S. B.—"What are you kids arguing about?"

B. G.—"Oh, nothing, we're just trying to locate a house."

Miss Goodsell—"James, how does the government limit our actions?"

James C.—"By laws."

Miss G.—"Are there any laws that effect you personally?"

James C.—"Yes, prohibition."

Cecil—"Huh! look at the Junior girls, with their hair on their heads."

Merl W.—"Well, I didn't know that Junior girls differed from any others. It is natural for girls to have hair on their heads."

James C.—"Well! well! look at our young ladies today."

Lorena—"They look forty."

James—"If you wore your hair up, you might look like a Junior instead of a Freshie."

Mr. Stoddard (Picking powder puff from History Book)—"Who's book is this?"

Class—"Ethel Jennings's."

Dora—"What did Don give Vera for Christmas?"

Ramona—"A ring."

Dora—"A ring?"

Ramona—"Yes, a ring on the 'phone."

Parry In need of sympathy—"Bertha, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Bertha—"Get them shined."

Bernice (Speaking about Muriel's pictures)—"Muriel had six settings."

Eleanor—"Gee, that's six dozen eggs."

Pete B.—"I once possessed a dog who could distinguish a vagabond from a respectable person."

Mary—"Well, what became of him?"

Pete B.—"Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a captain."

"Then I lost my bet."

"What did you bet?"

"I bet he must be dead."



Tenderness

Dora—"Do you ever need sympathy? Don't you ever feel a longing for tenderness?"
Clyde—"Uh-huh, when I order a steak."

Helen—"Why do they put corn-meal on the dance floor?"
Monte—"To make the chickens feel at home."

Overheard

Pete—"Marriage is a failure."
Mary—"Well, let's fail together."

A whiz, a whir, a streak, a blur,
A monster which seems to fly.
A distant speck, it's gone, by heck!
Lorena Watts has just flown by.

There was a young Bolshevique
Who was hit on the head by abrique;
He saw Venice and Mars,
And other bright stars
And didn't come home for a weeque.

Nina—"Have you heard about the rabbit?"
Bertha—"No."
Nina—"It's only a short tail."

Danielson—"Is this the year 1920, A. D.?"
Mann—"This is the year 2, A. P."
Danielson—"What does A. P. mean?"
Mann—"After Prohibition."

Burton—"Give me a needle, quick!"
Richetta—"What for."
Burton—"I want to sew some wild oats."

John—"Have you read 'Freckles'?"
"Fat" Weldon—"No, mine are brown."

Carroll—"I had an uncle who went to convert the heathen, but they converted him instead."
Paul—"How? What did they convert him into?"
Carroll—"A Stein."

Ralph F.—"I like a girl who can take a joke."
Fred E.—"That's the only chance you have of being accepted."

Sherman—"I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I had ever committed."
Cecil—"Gee! You must have fallen an awful distance."



At the Movies

Bernice—"Cecil, what is that big ship out there?"

Cecil—"That's a Man-o'-War."

Bernice—"And that little one?"

Cecil—"That's a tug."

Bernice—"Oh I see, a Tug-o'-War. I've heard of them."

Lyla (after dinner at Palace Hotel)—"Oh! I feel like crying."

Nelson—"Well, there is a ball-room here."

Freshman—"Why do they call them Glee Clubs?"

Bertha—"Because it's funny how some people got in."

Hodge—"Miss Kirpatrick gave me a golf mark."

Paul—"Whaddayamean?"

Hodge—"Fore."

Daisy—"Say, is a man born in Poland a Pole?"

Nina—"Sure."

Daisy—"Well, then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?"

Clyde—"When I went into the house last night I fell against the piano."

Parry—"Did it hurt you?"

Clyde—"No, I fell on the soft pedal."

Paul—"My brother expects to live in clover for the rest of his days."

Carroll—"Why?"

Paul—"He married a grass widow last week."

Mary—"Muriel, can't you play tennis without all that noise?"

Murie—"Now, how do you suppose we're going to play tennis without raising a racket?"

He (motoring)—"My clutch is awfully weak."

She—"So I've noticed."

Skinny—"I've got a beastly cold in my head, dear."

Dora—"Never mind, even if it's only a cold, it's something."

Mr. Stoddard—"Translate 'rex fugit!'"

Freshman—"The king flees."

Mr. Stoddard—"Use 'has' in the perfect tense."

Freshman—"The king has flees."

Mrs. Cole—"You had better not go to the dance this wet night, for your rubbers leak."

Billy—"That's all right, Ma. I've got pumps inside of them."

During Senior English period, Bertha was giving a Current Event.

Miss Geissler—"Bertha you were speaking of the soldier as 'he'. Now you have changed the pronoun to 'they'; 'he,' must be 'twins.'"



History 1, Miss Goodsell—"What was the most important event in Otto the Great's career?"

Eugene—"Oh, he went over to Italy, and married the king."

Hawk—"You'll always find some big bugs at my uncle's hotel."

Jock—"I know it. I slept there one night."



Miss Goodsell—"I can't understand why you boys sit in the back of the room."

Paul C.—"We are all backward students."

Clyde—"Awful accident in the car today."

John—"What happened?"

Clyde—"A woman had her eye on a seat, and a man sat on it."

Mr. McGrew (referring to diamonds)—"What is the name of this? It is white and something that all girls want."

Streaks (shouting)—"Powder!"

Swasey—"Ma won't let me use the machine any more."

Chase—"Why?"

Swasey—"I forgot to clean the hair-pins out of it last night."

'21—"I practiced for initiations all summer."

'22—"How?"

'21—"I paddled a girl in a canoe every night."

Ode (?) to Freshmen.

(With all due apologies)

"Where did you come from, Freshie dear?"

"Out of the grammar school into here."

"Where did you get that color so green?"

"We haven't yet ripened it's plain to be seen."

"What makes your forehead so smooth and so high?"

"Waiting for knowledge, we'll find bye and bye."

Streaks—"Lo! Fishin'?"

Merle—"Naw, just drowning worms."



That Irrisistible Impulse.

The Answer

Employer—"The boy I had before was worth twice as much as you."

Boy—"Did he get it?"

Mike Rago—"I get a hair cut every week."

Paul C.—"How long will it take you to get them all cut?"

Miss Goodsell, in charge of the fourth period study hall, had requested silence.

Timid—Freshman—"May I eat my lunch in the back of the room if I do it quietly?"

Visitor—"Why are V. H. S. athletes so very popular?"

Amelia—"Because they have such winning ways."

JOY KILLERS .

by Wah Yee

**Senior Pronunciation**

Paul—"Hey, Muriel! How do you pronounce G-u-r-e-z?"

Muriel—"I don't know."

Paul—"Gee you are easy."

Wisdom

Daisy—"What is the first thing you do when you fall into the water?"

Bertha—"Swim."

Daisy—"Oh, no, you get wet first."

Stung?

At a recent circus, Carroll stood watching and listening to a show man, who was yelling at the top of his voice—"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen to see the wonderful horse that has his tail where his head ought to be." Through mere curiosity, Carroll paid his fifteen cents and entered. There he saw, to his great chagrin, a horse, standing in a stall backed up against the manger. The indignant youth rushed back to the show man to have his money refunded. This man smiled condescendingly and answered: "Well, son, wasn't his tail where his head ought to have been? There's always two sides to a story, you know."

Envy

Sammy—"Over in America we gotta lilac bush fifty feet high."

Tommy—"I wish I could lilac that."



Billy C.—“Mr. Stoddard, will you give me an excuse for tardiness, please?”

Mr. Stoddard—“Why were you tardy?”

Billy—“Because school began before I got here.”

Old Lady—“Do they wear those horrible, short, track pants right out in the open?”

Don—“Nope; they usually wear them out in the seat.”

Frost—“My cousin leads a hair-raising life out west.”

Carlo—“Cow-punching?”

Frost—“No, Rabbit farming.”

As Jerry Allen, the would-be wit, strolled through the town he saw a notice in a store window:

“If you don’t see what you want in this window, come in and ask for it.”

“I don’t see what I want in this window,” he announced, entering the establishment.

“Well, then ask for it,” was the invitation.

“I’ve tried all over the town in vain,” said Jerry sadly.

“What is it?” The proprietor was eager on the quest. “I have a better stock than any other store of this kind in the place.”

“Well, it’s this way, I’ve found so many smart men in this town that I am in search of a first class idiot.”

Without hesitating, the proprietor turned to a clerk, with the order:

“James, bring a large sheet of brown paper, and make this gentleman up into a nice parcel.”

Miss Geissler—“Compare the adjective sick.”

Skinny—“Sick, sicker, dead.”

Daisy—“It is!”

Nina—“It isn’t!”

Daisy—“Haven’t I gone to high school; stupid?”

Nina—“Yes, dear, you have; and you’re still stupid.”

Mary—Sherman and I went to the Clunie Theatre, and we had a box.”

Bernice—“Yes, taffy, wasn’t it? I saw you in the gallery, eating something.”

Oscar—“Did you hear the story of the canary?”

Mike—“No, what is it?”

Oscar—Gee, but it’s a bird.”

John (History Star) to Miss Goodsell—“Did you ever hear what Napoleon’s Nickname was?”

Miss Goodsell—“No, what was it?”

John—“He was called ‘The Little Corpuscle’.”



The Future Which Lies Ahead

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—Plan wisely—and remember that thrift habits established early in life prove of inestimable value later.

—Golden opportunity always comes; it may come within a few years after the start on life’s broad highway is made.

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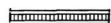
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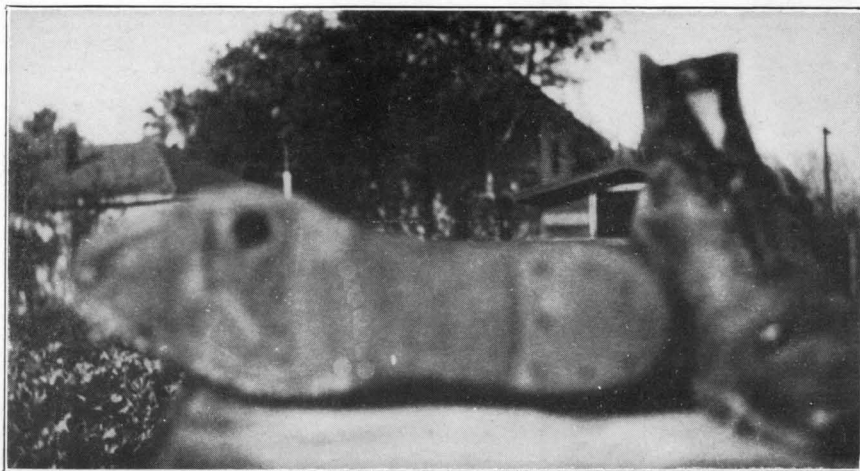
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